

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1865.

## Wives and Daughters.

AN EVERY-DAY STORY.

### CHAPTER XL

#### GATHERING CLOUDS.



MR. GIBSON came back full of rose-coloured accounts of London. Lady Cumnor had been gracious and affectionate, "so touched by my going up to see her, so soon after her return to England," Lady Harriet charming and devoted to her old governess, Lord Cumnor "just like his dear usual hearty self;" and as for the Kirkpatricks, no Lord Chancellor's house was ever grander than theirs, and the silk gown of the Q.C. had floated over housemaids and footmen. Cynthia, too, was so much admired; and as for her dress, Mrs. Kirkpatrick had showered down ball-dresses

and wreaths, and pretty bonnets and mantles, like a fairy godmother. Mr. Gibson's poor present of ten pounds shrank into very small dimensions compared with all this munificence.

"And they're so fond of her, I don't know when we shall have her back," was Mrs. Gibson's winding-up sentence. "And now, Molly, what have you and papa been doing? Very gay, you sounded in your letter.

I had not time to read it in London ; so I put it in my pocket, and read it in the coach coming home. But, my dear child, you do look so old-fashioned with your gown made all tight, and your hair all tumbling about in curls. Curls are quite gone out. We must do your hair differently," she continued, trying to smooth Molly's black waves into straightness.

"I sent Cynthia an African letter," said Molly, timidly. "Did you hear anything of what was in it?"

"Oh, yes, poor child! It made her very uneasy, I think; she said she did not feel inclined to go to Mr. Rawson's ball, which was on that night, and for which Mrs. Kirkpatrick had given her the ball-dress. But there really was nothing for her to fidget herself about. Roger only said he had had another touch of fever, but was better when he wrote. He says every European has to be acclimatized by fever in that part of Abyssinia where he is."

"And did she go?" asked Molly.

"Yes, to be sure. It is not an engagement; and if it were, it is not acknowledged. Fancy her going and saying, 'A young man that I know has been ill for a few days in Africa, two months ago, therefore I don't want to go to the ball to-night.' It would have seemed like affectation of sentiment; and if there's one thing I hate it is that."

"She would hardly enjoy herself," said Molly.

"Oh, yes, but she did. Her dress was white gauze, trimmed with lilacs, and she really did look—a mother may be allowed a little natural partiality—most lovely. And she danced every dance, although she was quite a stranger. I am sure she enjoyed herself, from her manner of talking about it next morning."

"I wonder if the squire knows."

"Knows what? Oh, yes, to be sure! You mean about Roger. I dare say he doesn't, and there's no need to tell him, for I've no doubt it is all right now." And she went out of the room to finish her unpacking.

Molly let her work fall, and sighed. "It will be a year the day after to-morrow since he came here to propose our going to Hurst Wood, and mamma was so vexed at his calling before lunch. I wonder if Cynthia remembers it as well as I do. And now, perhaps—— Oh! Roger, Roger! I wish—I pray that you were safe home again! How could we all bear it, if——"

She covered her face with her hands, and tried to stop thinking. Suddenly she got up, as if stung by a venomous fancy.

"I don't believe she loves him as she ought, or she could not—could not have gone and danced. What shall I do if she does not? What shall I do? I can bear anything but that."

But she found the long suspense as to his health hard enough to endure. They were not likely to hear from him for a month at least, and before that time had elapsed Cynthia would be at home again. Molly learnt to long for her return before a fortnight of her absence was over.

She had had no idea that perpetual tête-à-têtes with Mrs. Gibson could, by any possibility, be so tiresome as she found them. Perhaps Molly's state of delicate health, consequent upon her rapid growth during the last few months, made her irritable; but really often she had to get up and leave the room to calm herself down after listening to a long series of words, more frequently plaintive or discontented in tone than cheerful, and which at the end conveyed no distinct impression of either the speaker's thought or feeling. Whenever anything had gone wrong, whenever Mr. Gibson had coolly persevered in anything to which she had objected; whenever the cook had made a mistake about the dinner, or the housemaid broken any little frangible article; whenever Molly's hair was not done to her liking, or her dress did not become her, or the smell of dinner pervaded the house, or the wrong callers came, or the right callers did not come—in fact, whenever anything went wrong, poor Mr. Kirkpatrick was regretted and mourned over, nay, almost blamed, as if, had he only given himself the trouble of living, he could have helped it.

"When I look back to those happy days, it seems to me as if I had never valued them as I ought. To be sure—youth, love,—what did we care for poverty! I remember dear Mr. Kirkpatrick walking five miles into Stratford to buy me a muffin because I had such a fancy for one after Cynthia was born. I don't mean to complain of dear papa—but I don't think—but, perhaps I ought not to say it to you. If Mr. Kirkpatrick had but taken care of that cough of his; but he was so obstinate! Men always are, I think. And it really was selfish of him. Only I dare say he did not consider the forlorn state in which I should be left. It came harder upon me than upon most people, because I always was of such an affectionate sensitive nature. I remember a little poem of Mr. Kirkpatrick's in which he compared my heart to a harp-string, vibrating to the slightest breeze."

"I thought harp-strings required a pretty strong finger to make them sound," said Molly.

"My dear child, you've no more poetry in you than your father. And as for your hair! it's worse than ever. Can't you drench it in water to take those untidy twists and twirls out of it?"

"It only makes it curl more and more when it gets dry," said Molly, sudden tears coming into her eyes as a recollection came before her like a picture seen long ago and forgotten for years—a young mother washing and dressing her little girl; placing the half-naked darling on her knee, and twining the wet rings of dark hair fondly round her fingers, and then, in an ecstasy of fondness, kissing the little curly head.

The receipt of Cynthia's letters made very agreeable events. She did not write often, but her letters were tolerably long when they did come, and very sprightly in tone. There was constant mention made of many new names, which conveyed no idea to Molly, though Mrs. Gibson would try and enlighten her by running commentaries like the following:—

"Mrs. Green! ah, that's Mr. Jones's pretty cousin, who lives in

Russell Square with the fat husband. They keep their carriage; but I'm not sure if it is not Mr. Green who is Mrs. Jones's cousin. We can ask Cynthia when she comes home. Mr. Henderson! to be sure—a young man with black whiskers, a pupil of Mr. Kirkpatrick's formerly,—or was he a pupil of Mr. Murray's? I know they said he had read law with somebody. Ah, yes! they are the people who called the day after Mr. Rawson's ball, and who admired Cynthia so much, without knowing I was her mother. She was very handsomely dressed indeed, in black satin; and the son had a glass eye, but he was a young man of good property. Coleman! yes, that was the name."

No more news of Roger until some time after Cynthia had returned from her London visit. She came back looking fresher and prettier than ever, beautifully dressed, thanks to her own good taste, and her cousin's generosity, full of amusing details of the gay life she had been enjoying, yet not at all out of spirits at having left it behind her. She brought home all sorts of pretty and dainty devices for Molly; a neck ribbon made up in the newest fashion, a pattern for a tippet, a delicate pair of tight gloves embroidered as Molly had never seen gloves embroidered before, and many another little sign of remembrance during her absence. Yet somehow or other, Molly felt that Cynthia was changed in her relation to her. Molly was aware that she had never had Cynthia's full confidence, for with all her apparent frankness and *naïveté* of manner, Cynthia was extremely reserved and reticent. She knew this much of herself, and had often laughed about it to Molly, and the latter had found out the truth of her friend's assertion for herself. But Molly did not trouble herself much about this. She too knew that there were many thoughts and feelings that flitted through her mind that she should never think of telling to any one, except perhaps—if they were ever very much thrown together—to her father. She knew that Cynthia withheld from her more than thoughts and feelings—that she withheld facts. But then, as Molly reflected, these facts might involve details of struggle and suffering, might relate to her mother's neglect, and altogether be of so painful a character, that it would be well if Cynthia could forget her childhood altogether, instead of fixing it in her mind by the relation of her grievances and troubles. So it was not now by any want of confidence that Molly felt distanced as it were. It was because Cynthia rather avoided than sought her companionship; because her eyes shunned the straight, serious, loving look of Molly's; because there were certain subjects on which she evidently disliked speaking, not particularly interesting things as far as Molly could perceive, but it almost seemed as if they lay on the road to points to be avoided. Molly felt a sort of sighing pleasure in noticing Cynthia's changed manner of talking about Roger. She spoke of him tenderly now; "poor Roger," as she called him; and Molly thought that she must be referring to the illness which he had mentioned in his last letter. One morning in the first week after Cynthia's return home, just as he was going out, Mr. Gibson ran up into the drawing-room, booted and spurred,



and hastily laid an open pamphlet down before her; pointing out a particular passage with his finger, but not speaking a word before he rapidly quitted the room. His eyes were sparkling, and had an amused as well as pleased expression. All this Molly noticed, as well as Cynthia's flush of colour as she read what was thus pointed out to her. Then she pushed it a little on one side, not closing the book however, and went on with her work.

"What is it? may I see it?" asked Molly, stretching out her hand for the pamphlet, which lay within her reach. But she did not take it until Cynthia had said—

"Certainly, I don't suppose there are any great secrets in a scientific journal, full of reports of meetings." And she gave the book a little push towards Molly.

"Oh, Cynthia!" said Molly, catching her breath as she read, "Are you not proud?" For it was an account of an annual gathering of the Geographical Society, and Lord Hollingford had read a letter he had received from Roger Hamley, dated from Arracuoba, a district in Africa, hitherto unvisited by any intelligent European traveller; and about which, Mr. Hamley sent many curious particulars. The reading of this letter had been received with the greatest interest, and several subsequent speakers had paid the writer very high compliments.

But Molly might have known Cynthia better than to expect an answer responsive to the feelings that prompted her question. Let Cynthia be ever so proud, ever so glad, or so grateful, or even indignant, remorseful, grievous or sorry, the very fact that she was expected by another to entertain any of these emotions, would have been enough to prevent her expressing them.

"I'm afraid I'm not as much struck by the wonder of the thing as you are, Molly. Besides, it is not news to me; at least, not entirely. I heard about the meeting before I left London; it was a good deal talked about in my uncle's set; to be sure I did not hear all the fine things they say of him there—but there, you know, that's a mere fashion of speaking, which means nothing; somebody is bound to pay compliments when a lord takes the trouble to read one of his letters aloud."

"Nonsense," said Molly. "You know you don't believe what you are saying, Cynthia."

Cynthia gave that pretty little jerk of her shoulders, which was her equivalent for a French shrug, but did not lift up her head from her sewing. Molly began to read the report over again.

"Why, Cynthia!" she said, "you might have been there; ladies were there. It says 'many ladies were present.' Oh, could not you have managed to go? If your uncle's set cared about these things, would not some of them have taken you?"

"Perhaps, if I had asked them. But I think they would have been rather astonished at my sudden turn for science."

"You might have told your uncle how matters really stood, he would

not have talked about it if you had wished him not, I am sure, and he could have helped you."

"Once for all, Molly," said Cynthia, now laying down her work, and speaking with quick authority, "do learn to understand that it is, and always has been my wish, not to have the relation which Roger and I bear to each other, mentioned or talked about. When the right time comes, I will make it known to my uncle, and to everybody whom it may concern; but I am not going to make mischief, and get myself into trouble—even for the sake of hearing compliments paid to him—by letting it out before the time. If I'm pushed to it, I'd sooner break it off altogether at once, and have done with it. I can't be worse off than I am now." Her angry tone had changed into a kind of desponding complaint before she had ended her sentence. Molly looked at her with dismay.

"I can't understand you, Cynthia," she said at length.

"No; I dare say you can't," said Cynthia, looking at her with tears in her eyes, and very tenderly, as if in atonement for her late vehemence. "I am afraid—I hope you never will."

In a moment, Molly's arms were round her. "Oh, Cynthia," she murmured, "have I been plaguing you? Have I vexed you? Don't say you're afraid of my knowing you. Of course you've your faults, everybody has, but I think I love you the better for them."

"I don't know that I'm so very bad," said Cynthia, smiling a little through the tears that Molly's words and caresses had forced to overflow from her eyes. "But I have got into scrapes. I am in a scrape now. I do sometimes believe I shall always be in scrapes, and if they ever come to light, I shall seem to be worse than I really am; and I know your father will throw me off, and I—no, I won't be afraid that you will, Molly."

"I'm sure I won't. Are they—do you think—how would Roger take it?" asked Molly, very timidly.

"I don't know. I hope he will never hear of it. I don't see why he should, for in a little while I shall be quite clear again. It all came about without my ever thinking I was doing wrong. I've a great mind to tell you all about it, Molly."

Molly did not like to urge it, though she longed to know, and to see if she could not offer help; but while Cynthia was hesitating, and perhaps, to say the truth, rather regretting that she had even made this slight advance towards bestowing her confidence, Mrs. Gibson came in, full of some manner of altering a gown of hers, so as to make it into the fashion of the day, as she had seen it during her visit to London. Cynthia seemed to forget her tears and her troubles, and to throw her whole soul into millinery.

Cynthia's correspondence went on pretty briskly with her London cousins, according to the usual rate of correspondence in those days. Indeed Mrs. Gibson was occasionally inclined to complain of the frequency of Helen Kirkpatrick's letters; for before the penny post came in, the

recipient had to pay the postage of letters ; and elevenpence-halfpenny three times a week came, according to Mrs. Gibson's mode of reckoning when annoyed, to a sum "between three and four shillings." But these complaints were only for the family ; they saw the wrong side of the tapestry. Hollingford in general, Miss Brownings in particular, heard of "dear Helen's enthusiastic friendship for Cynthia" and of "the real pleasure it was to receive such constant news—relays of news indeed—from London. It was almost as good as living there !"

"A great deal better I should think," said Miss Browning with some severity. For she had got many of her notions of the metropolis from the British Essayists, where town is so often represented as the centre of dissipation, corrupting country wives and squires' daughters, and unfitting them for all their duties by the constant whirl of its not always innocent pleasures. London was a sort of moral pitch, which few could touch and not be defiled. Miss Browning had been on the watch for the signs of deterioration in Cynthia's character ever since her return home. But, excepting in a greater number of pretty and becoming articles of dress, there was no great change for the worse to be perceived. Cynthia had been "in the world," had "beheld the glare and glitter and dazzling display of London," yet had come back to Hollingford as ready as ever to place a chair for Miss Browning, or to gather flowers for a nosegay for Miss Phæbe, or to mend her own clothes. But all this was set down to the merits of Cynthia, not to the credit of London-town.

"As far as I can judge of London," said Miss Browning, sententiously continuing her tirade against the place, "it's no better than a pickpocket and a robber dressed up in the spoils of honest folk. I should like to know where my Lord Hollingford was bred, and Mr. Roger Hamley. Your good husband lent me that report of the meeting, Mrs. Gibson, where so much was said about them both, and he was as proud of their praises as if he had been akin to them, and Phæbe read it aloud to me, for the print was too small for my eyes ; she was a good deal perplexed with all the new names of places, but I said she had better skip them all, for we had never heard of them before and probably should never hear of them again, but she read out the fine things they said of my lord, and Mr. Roger, and I put it to you, where were they born and bred ? Why, within eight miles of Hollingford ; it might have been Molly there or me ; it's all a chance ; and then they go and talk about the pleasures of intellectual society in London, and the distinguished people up there that it is such an advantage to know, and all the time I know it's only shops and the play that's the real attraction. But that's neither here nor there. We all put our best foot foremost, and if we have a reason to give that looks sensible we speak it out like men, and never say anything about the silliness we are hugging to our heart. But I ask you again, where does this fine society come from, and these wise men, and these distinguished travellers ? Why, out of country parishes like this ! London picks

'em all up, and decks herself with them, and then calls out to the folks she's robbed, and says, 'Come and see how fine I am.' Fine, indeed! I've no patience with London: Cynthia is much better out of it; and I'm not sure, if I were you, Mrs. Gibson, if I would not stop up those London letters: they'll only be unsettling her."

"But perhaps she may live in London some of these days, Miss Browning," simpered Mrs. Gibson.

"Time enough then to be thinking of London. I wish her a honest country husband with enough to live upon, and a little to lay by, and a good character to boot. Mind that, Molly," said she, firing round upon the startled Molly, "I wish Cynthia a husband with a good character; but she's got a mother to look after her; you've none and when your mother was alive she was a dear friend of mine: so I'm not going to let you throw yourself away upon any one whose life is not clear and above-board, you may depend upon it."

This last speech fell like a bomb into the quiet little drawing-room, it was delivered with such vehemence. Miss Browning, in her secret heart, meant it as a warning against the intimacy she believed that Molly had formed with Mr. Preston; but as it happened that Molly had never dreamed of any such intimacy, the girl could not imagine why such severity of speech should be addressed to her. Mrs. Gibson, who always took up the points of every word or action where they touched her own self (and called it sensitiveness), broke the silence that followed Miss Browning's speech by saying, plaintively,—

"I'm sure, Miss Browning, you are very much mistaken if you think that any mother could take more care of Molly than I do. I don't—I can't think there is any need for any one to interfere to protect her, and I have not an idea why you have been talking in this way, just as if we were all wrong, and you were all right. It hurts my feelings, indeed it does; for Molly can tell you there is not a thing or a favour that Cynthia has, that she has not. And as for not taking care of her, why, if she were to go up to London to-morrow, I should make a point of going with her to see after her; and I never did it for Cynthia when she was at school in France; and her bedroom is furnished just like Cynthia's, and I let her wear my red shawl whenever she likes, she might have it oftener if she would. I can't think what you mean, Miss Browning."

"I did not mean to offend you, but I meant just to give Molly a hint. She understands what I mean."

"I'm sure I do not," said Molly, boldly. "I have not a notion what you meant, if you were alluding to anything more than you said straight out; that you do not wish me to marry any one who has not a good character, and that, as you were a friend of mamma's, you would prevent my marrying a man with a bad character, by every means in your power. I'm not thinking of marrying; I don't want to marry anybody at all; but if I did, and he were not a good man, I should thank you for coming and warning me of it."

"I shall not stand on warning you, Molly. I shall forbid the banns in church, if need be," said Miss Browning, half convinced of the clear transparent truth of what Molly had said; blushing all over, it is true, but with her steady eyes fixed on Miss Browning's face while she spoke.

"Do!" said Molly.

"Well, well, I won't say any more. Perhaps I was mistaken. We won't say any more about it. But remember what I have said, Molly, there's no harm in that, at any rate. I'm sorry I hurt your feelings, Mrs. Gibson. As stepmothers go, I think you try and do your duty. Good morning. Good-by to you both, and God bless you."

If Miss Browning thought that her final blessing would secure peace in the room she was leaving, she was very much mistaken; Mrs. Gibson burst out with,—

"Try and do my duty, indeed! I should be much obliged to you, Molly, if you would take care not to behave in such a manner as to bring down upon me such impertinence as I have just been receiving from Miss Browning."

"But I don't know what made her talk as she did, mamma," said Molly.

"I'm sure I don't know, and I don't care either. But I know that I never was spoken to as if I was trying to do my duty before,—'trying' indeed! everybody always knew that I did it, without talking about it before my face in that rude manner. I've that deep feeling about duty that I think it ought only to be talked about in church, and in such sacred places as that; not to have a common caller startling one with it, even though she was an early friend of your mother's. And as if I did not look after you quite as much as I look after Cynthia! Why, it was only yesterday I went up into Cynthia's room and found her reading a letter that she put away in a hurry as soon as I came in, and I did not even ask her who it was from, and I am sure I should have made you tell me."

Very likely. Mrs. Gibson shrank from any conflicts with Cynthia, pretty sure that she would be worsted in the end; while Molly generally submitted sooner than have any struggle for her own will.

Just then Cynthia came in.

"What's the matter?" said she quickly, seeing that something was wrong.

"Why, Molly has been doing something which has set that impertinent Miss Browning off into lecturing me on trying to do my duty! If your poor father had but lived, Cynthia, I should never have been spoken to as I have been. 'A stepmother trying to do her duty indeed.' That was Miss Browning's expression."

Any allusion to her father took from Cynthia all desire of irony. She came forward, and again asked Molly what was the matter.

Molly, herself ruffled, made answer,—

"Miss Browning seemed to think I was likely to marry some one whose character was objectionable——"

"You, Molly?" said Cynthia.

"Yes—she once before spoke to me,—I suspect she has got some notion about Mr. Preston in her head——"

Cynthia sate down quite suddenly. Molly went on, "and she spoke as if mamma did not look enough after me,—I think she was rather provoking——"

"Not rather, but very—very impertinent," said Mrs. Gibson, a little soothed by Molly's recognition of her grievance.

"What could have put it into her head?" said Cynthia, very quietly, taking up her sewing as she spoke.

"I don't know," said her mother, replying to the question after her own fashion. "I'm sure I don't always approve of Mr. Preston; but even if it was him she was thinking about, he's far more agreeable than she is; and I had much rather have him coming to call than an old maid like her any day."

"I don't know that it was Mr. Preston she was thinking about," said Molly. "It was only a guess. When you were both in London she spoke about him,—I thought she had heard something about you and him, Cynthia." Unseen by her mother Cynthia looked up at Molly, her eyes full of prohibition, her cheeks full of angry colour. Molly stopped short suddenly. After that look she was surprised at the quietness with which Cynthia said, almost immediately,—

"Well, after all it is only your fancy that she was alluding to Mr. Preston, so perhaps we had better not say any more about him; and as for her advice to mamma to look after you better, Miss Molly, I'll stand bail for your good behaviour; for both mamma and I know you're the last person to do any foolish things in that way. And now don't let us talk any more about it. I was coming to tell you that Hannah Brand's little boy has been badly burnt, and his sister is downstairs asking for old linen."

Mrs. Gibson was always kind to poor people, and she immediately got up and went to her stores to search for the article wanted.

Cynthia turned quietly round to Molly.

"Molly, pray don't ever allude to anything between me and Mr. Preston,—not to mamma, nor to any one. Never do! I've a reason for it,—don't say anything more about it, ever."

Mrs. Gibson came back at this moment, and Molly had to stop short again on the brink of Cynthia's confidence; uncertain indeed this time, if she would have been told anything more, and only sure that she had annoyed Cynthia a good deal.

But the time was approaching when she would know all.

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## CHAPTER XLII.

## THE STORM BURSTS.

THE autumn drifted away through all its seasons; the golden corn-harvest, the walks through the stubble fields, and rambles into hazel-copses in search of nuts; the stripping of the apple-orchards of their ruddy fruit, amid the joyous cries and shouts of watching children; and the gorgeous tulip-like colouring of the later time had now come on with the shortening days. There was comparative silence in the land, excepting for the distant shots, and the whirr of the partridges as they rose up from the field.

Ever since Miss Browning's unlucky conversation things had been ajar in the Gibsons' house. Cynthia seemed to keep every one out at (mental) arms'-length; and particularly avoided any private talks with Molly. Mrs. Gibson, still cherishing a grudge against Miss Browning for her implied accusation of not looking enough after Molly, chose to exercise a most wearying supervision over the poor girl. It was, "Where have you been, child?" "Who did you see?" "Who was that letter from?" "Why were you so long out when you had only to go to so-and-so?" just as if Molly had really been detected in carrying on some underhand intercourse. She answered every question asked of her with the simple truthfulness of perfect innocence; but the inquiries (although she read their motive, and knew that they arose from no especial suspicion of her conduct, but only that Mrs. Gibson might be able to say that she looked well after her stepdaughter), chafed her inexpressibly. Very often she did not go out at all, sooner than have to give a plan of her intended proceedings, when perhaps she had no plan at all, only thought of wandering out at her own sweet will, and of taking pleasure in the bright solemn fading of the year. It was a very heavy time for Molly,—zest and life had fled, and left so many of the old delights mere shells of seeming. She thought it was that her youth had fled; at nineteen! Cynthia was no longer the same, somehow; and perhaps Cynthia's change would injure her in the distant Roger's opinion. Her stepmother seemed almost kind in comparison with Cynthia's withdrawal of her heart; Mrs. Gibson worried her to be sure, with all these forms of watching over her; but in all her other ways, she, at any rate, was the same. Yet Cynthia herself, seemed anxious and care-worn, though she would not speak of her anxieties to Molly. And then the poor girl in her goodness would blame herself for feeling Cynthia's change of manner; for as Molly said to herself, "If it is hard work for me to help always fretting after Roger, and wondering where he is, and how he is; what must it be for her?"

One day Mr. Gibson came in, bright and swift.

"Molly," said he, "where's Cynthia?"

"Gone out to do some errands——"

"Well, it's a pity—but never mind. Put on your bonnet and cloak

as fast as you can. I've had to borrow old Simpson's dog-cart,—there would have been room both for you and Cynthia; but as it is, you must walk back alone. I'll drive you as far on the Barford Road as I can, and then you must jump down. I can't take you on to Broadhurst's, I may be kept there for hours."

Mrs. Gibson was out of the room; out of the house it might be, for all Molly cared, now she had her father's leave and command. Her bonnet and cloak were on in two minutes, and she was setting by her father's side, the back seat shut up, and the light weight going swiftly and merrily bumping over the stone-paved lanes.

"Oh, this is charming," said Molly, after a toss-up on her seat from a tremendous bump.

"For youth, but not for crabbed age," said Mr. Gibson. "My bones are getting rheumatic, and would rather go smoothly over macadamized streets."

"That's treason to this lovely view and this fine pure air, papa. Only I don't believe you."

"Thank you. As you are so complimentary, I think I shall put you down at the foot of this hill; we have passed the second milestone from Hollingford."

"Oh, let me just go up to the top! I know we can see the blue range of the Malverns from it, and Dorrimer Hall among the woods; the horse will want a minute's rest, and then I will get down without a word."

She went up to the top of the hill; and there they sate still a minute or two, enjoying the view, without much speaking. The woods were golden, the old house of purple-red brick, with its twisted chimneys, rose up from among them facing on to green lawns, and a placid lake; beyond again were the Malvern Hills!

"Now jump down, lassie, and make the best of your way home before it gets dark. You'll find the cut over Croston Heath shorter than the road we've come by."

To get to Croston Heath, Molly had to go down a narrow lane overshadowed by trees, with picturesque old cottages dotted here and there on the steep sandy banks; and then there came a small wood, and then there was a brook to be crossed on a plank-bridge, and up the steeper fields on the opposite side were cut steps in the turfy path, which ended, she was on Croston Heath, a wide-stretching common skirted by labourers' dwellings, past which a near road to Hollingford lay.

The loneliest part of the road was the first—the lane, the wood, the little bridge, and the clambering through the upland fields. But Molly cared little for loneliness. She went along the lane under the over-arching elm-branches, from which, here and there, a yellow leaf came floating down upon her very dress; past the last cottage where a little child had tumbled down the sloping bank, and was publishing the accident with frightened cries. Molly stooped to pick it up, and taking it in her

arms in a manner which caused intense surprise to take the place of alarm in its little breast, she carried it up the rough flag steps towards the cottage which she supposed to be its home. The mother came running in from the garden behind the house, still holding the late damsons she had been gathering in her apron; but, on seeing her, the little creature held out its arms to go to her, and she dropped her damsons all about as she took it, and began to soothe it as it cried afresh, interspersing her lulling with thanks to Molly. She called her by her name; and on Molly asking the woman how she came to know it, she replied that she had been a servant of Mrs. Goodenough before her marriage, and so was "bound to know Dr. Gibson's daughter by sight." After the exchange of two or three more words, Molly ran down into the lane, and pursued her way, stopping here and there to gather a nosegay of such leaves as struck her for their brilliant colouring. She entered the wood. As she turned a corner in the lonely path, she heard a passionate voice of distress; and in an instant she recognized Cynthia's tones. She stood still and looked around. There were some holly bushes shining out dark green in the midst of the amber and scarlet foliage. If any one was there, it must be behind these thick bushes. So Molly left the path, and went straight, plunging through the brown tangled growth of ferns and underwood, and turned the holly bushes. There stood Mr. Preston and Cynthia; he holding her hands tight, each looking as if just silenced in some vehement talk by the rustle of Molly's footsteps.

For an instant no one spoke. Then Cynthia said,—

"Oh, Molly, Molly, come and judge between us!"

Mr. Preston let go Cynthia's hands slowly, with a look that was more of a sneer than a smile; and yet he, too, had been strongly agitated, whatever was the subject in dispute. Molly came forward and took Cynthia's arm, her eyes steadily fixed on Mr. Preston's face. It was fine to see the fearlessness of her perfect innocence. He could not bear her look, and said to Cynthia,—

"The subject of our conversation does not well admit of a third person's presence. As Miss Gibson seems to wish for your company now, I must beg you to fix some other time and place where we can finish our discussion."

"I will go if Cynthia wishes me," said Molly.

"No, no; stay—I want you to stay—I want you to hear it all—I wish I had told you sooner."

"You mean that you regret that she has not been made aware of our engagement—that you promised long ago to be my wife. Pray remember that it was you who made me promise secrecy, not I you?"

"I don't believe him, Cynthia. Don't, don't cry if you can help it; I don't believe him."

"Cynthia," said he, suddenly changing his tone to servid tenderness, "pray, pray do not go on so; you can't think how it distresses me." He stepped forwards to try and take her hand and soothe her; but

she shrank away from him, and sobbed the more irrepressibly. She felt Molly's presence so much to be a protection that now she dared to let herself go, and to weaken herself by giving way to her emotion.

"Go away!" said Molly. "Don't you see you make her worse?" But he did not stir; he was looking at Cynthia so intently that he did not seem even to hear her. "Go," said Molly, vehemently, "if it really distresses you to see her cry. Don't you see, it's you who are the cause of it?"

"I will go if Cynthia tells me," said he at length.

"Oh, Molly, I do not know what to do," said Cynthia, taking down her hands from her tear-stained face, and appealing to Molly, and sobbing worse than ever; in fact, she became hysterical, and though she tried to speak coherently, no intelligible words would come.

"Run to that cottage in the trees, and fetch her a cup of water," said Molly. He hesitated a little.

"Why don't you go?" said Molly, impatiently.

"I have not done speaking to her; you will not leave before I come back?"

"No. Don't you see she can't move in this state?"

He went quickly, if reluctantly.

Cynthia was some time before she could check her sobs enough to speak. At length, she said,—

"Molly, I do hate him!"

"But what did he mean by saying you were engaged to him? Don't cry, dear, but tell me; if I can help you I will, but I can't imagine what it all really is."

"It is too long a story to tell now, and I'm not strong enough. Look! he is coming back. As soon as I can, let us get home."

"With all my heart," said Molly.

He brought the water, and Cynthia drank, and was restored to calmness.

"Now," said Molly, "we had better go home as fast as you can manage it; it is getting dark quickly."

If she hoped to carry Cynthia off so easily, she was mistaken. Mr. Preston was resolute on this point. He said—

"I think since Miss Gibson has made herself acquainted with this much, we had better let her know the whole truth—that you are engaged to marry me as soon as you are twenty; otherwise you being here with me, and by appointment too, may appear strange, even equivocal to her."

"As I know that Cynthia is engaged to another man, you can hardly expect me to believe what you say, Mr. Preston."

"Oh, Molly," said Cynthia, trembling all over, but trying to be calm, "I am not engaged, neither to the person you mean, nor to Mr. Preston."

Mr. Preston forced a smile. "I think I have some letters that would convince Miss Gibson of the truth of what I have said; and which will convince Mr. Osborne Hamley, if necessary—I conclude it is to him she is alluding."

"I am quite puzzled by you both," said Molly. "The only thing I do know is, that we ought not to be standing here at this time of evening, and that Cynthia and I shall go home directly. If you want to talk to Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. Preston, why don't you come to my father's house, and ask to see her openly, and like a gentleman."

"I am perfectly willing," said he; "I shall only be too glad to explain to Mr. Gibson on what terms I stand in relation to her. If I have not done it sooner, it is because I have yielded to her wishes."

"Pray, pray don't, Molly—you don't know all—you don't know anything about it; you mean well and kindly, I know, but you are only making mischief. I am quite well enough to walk, do let us go; I will tell you all about it when we are at home." She took Molly's arm and tried to hasten her away; but Mr. Preston followed, talking as he walked by their side.

"I do not know what you will say at home; but can you deny that you are my promised wife? Can you deny that it has only been at your earnest request that I have kept the engagement secret so long?" He was unwise—Cynthia stopped, and turned at bay.

"Since you will have it out, since I must speak here, I own that what you say is literally true; that when I was a neglected girl of sixteen, you—whom I believed to be a friend, lent me money at my need, and made me give you a promise of marriage."

"Made you!" said he, laying an emphasis on the first word.

Cynthia turned scarlet. "Made is not the right word, I confess. I liked you then—you were almost my only friend—and, if it had been a question of immediate marriage, I dare say I should never have objected. But I know you better now; and you have persecuted me so of late, that I tell you once for all (as I have told you before, till I am sick of the very words), that nothing shall ever make me marry you. Nothing. I see there's no chance of escaping exposure and, I dare say, losing my character, and I know losing all the few friends I have."

"Never me," said Molly, touched by the wailing tone of despair that Cynthia was falling into.

"It is hard," said Mr. Preston. "You may believe all the bad things you like about me, Cynthia, but I don't think you can doubt my real, passionate disinterested love for you."

"I do doubt it," said Cynthia, breaking out with fresh energy. "Ah! when I think of the self-denying affection I have seen—I have known—affection that thought of others before itself——"

Mr. Preston broke in at the pause she made. She was afraid of revealing too much to him.

"You do not call it love which has been willing to wait for years—to be silent while silence was desired—to suffer jealousy and to bear neglect, relying on the solemn promise of a girl of sixteen—for solemn say flimsy, when that girl grows older. Cynthia, I have loved you, and I do love

you, and I can't give you up. If you will but keep your word, and marry me, I'll swear I'll make you love me in return."

"Oh, I wish—I wish I'd never borrowed that unlucky money, it was the beginning of it all. Oh, Molly, I have saved and scrimped to repay it, and he won't take it now; I thought if I could but repay it, it would set me free."

"You seem to imply you sold yourself for twenty pounds," he said. They were nearly on the common now, close to the protection of the cottages, in very hearing of their inmates; if neither of the other two thought of this Molly did, and resolved in her mind to call in at one of them, and ask for the labourer's protection home; at any rate his presence must put a stop to this miserable altercation.

"I did not sell myself; I liked you then. But oh, how I do hate you now!" cried Cynthia, unable to contain her words.

He bowed and turned back, vanishing rapidly down the field staircase. At any rate that was a relief. Yet the two girls hastened on, as if he was still pursuing them. Once, when Molly said something to Cynthia, the latter replied—

"Molly, if you pity me—if you love me—don't say anything more just now. We shall have to look as if nothing had happened when we get home. Come to my room when we go upstairs to bed, and I will tell you all. I know you will blame me terribly, but I will tell you all."

So Molly did not say another word till they reached home; and then, comparatively at ease, inasmuch as no one perceived how late was their return to the house, each of the girls went up into their separate rooms, to rest and calm themselves before dressing for the necessary family gathering at dinner. Molly felt as if she were so miserably shaken that she could not have gone down at all, if her own interests only were at stake. She sate by her dressing-table, holding her head in her hands, her candles unlighted, and the room in soft darkness, trying to still her beating heart, and to recall all she had heard, and what would be its bearing on the lives of those whom she loved. Roger. Oh, Roger!—far away in mysterious darkness of distance—loving as he did (ah, that was love! That was the love to which Cynthia had referred, as worthy of the name!) and the object of his love claimed by another—false to one she must be! How could it be? What would he think and feel if ever he came to know it? It was of no use trying to imagine his pain—that could do no good. What lay before Molly was, to try and extricate Cynthia, if she could help her by thought, or advice, or action; not to weaken herself by letting her fancy run into pictures of possible, probable suffering.

When she went into the drawing-room before dinner, she found Cynthia and her mother tête-à-tête. There were candles in the room, but they were not lighted, for the wood-fire blazed merrily and fitfully, and they were awaiting Mr. Gibson's return, which might be expected at any minute. Cynthia sate in the shade, so it was only by her sensitive ear that Molly could judge of her state of composure. Mrs. Gibson was



telling some of her day's adventures—whom she had found at home in the calls she had been making; who had been out; and the small pieces of news she had heard. To Molly's quick sympathy Cynthia's voice sounded languid and weary, but she made all the proper replies, and expressed the proper interest at the right places, and Molly came to the rescue, chiming in, with an effort, it is true; but Mrs. Gibson was not one to notice slight shades or differences in manner. When Mr. Gibson returned, the relative positions of the parties were altered. It was Cynthia now who raised herself into liveliness, partly from a consciousness that he would have noticed any depression, and partly because, from her cradle to her grave, Cynthia was one of those natural coquettes, who instinctively bring out all their prettiest airs and graces in order to stand well with any man, young or old, who may happen to be present. She listened to his remarks and stories with all the sweet intentness of happier days, till Molly, silent and wondering, could hardly believe that the Cynthia before her was the same girl as she who was sobbing and crying as if her heart would break but two hours before. It is true she looked pale and heavy-eyed, but that was the only sign she gave of her past trouble, which yet must be a present care, thought Molly. After dinner, Mr. Gibson went out to his town patients; Mrs. Gibson subsided into her arm-chair, holding a sheet of *The Times* before her, behind which she took a quiet and lady-like doze. Cynthia had a book in one hand, with the other she shaded her eyes from the light. Molly alone could neither read, nor sleep, nor work. She sate in the seat in the bow-window; the blind was not drawn down, for there was no danger of their being overlooked. She gazed into the soft outer darkness, and found herself striving to discern the outlines of objects—the cottage at the end of the garden—the great beech-tree with the seat round it—the wire arches, up which the summer roses had clambered; each came out faint and dim against the dusky velvet of the atmosphere. Presently tea came, and there was the usual nightly bustle. The table was cleared, Mrs. Gibson roused herself, and made the same remark about dear papa that she had done at the same hour for weeks past. Cynthia too did not look different to usual. And yet what a hidden mystery did her calmness hide, thought Molly. At length came bed-time, and the accustomed little speeches. Both Molly and Cynthia went to their own rooms without exchanging a word. When Molly was in hers she had forgotten if she was to go to Cynthia, or Cynthia to come to her. She took off her gown and put on her dressing-gown, and stood and waited; and even sat down for a minute or two; but Cynthia did not come, so Molly went and knocked at the opposite door, which, to her surprise, she found shut. When she entered the room Cynthia sate by her dressing-table, just as she came up from the drawing-room. She had been leaning her head on her arms, and seemed almost to have forgotten the tryst she had made with Molly, for she looked up as if startled, and her face did seem full of worry and distress; in her solitude she made no more exertion, but gave way to thoughts of care.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## CYNTHIA'S CONFESSION.

"You said I might come," said Molly, "and that you would tell me all."

"You know all, I think," said Cynthia heavily. "Perhaps you don't know what excuses I have, but at any rate you know what a scrape I am in."

"I've been thinking a great deal," said Molly timidly and doubtfully. "And I can't help fancying if you told papa——"

Before she could go on, Cynthia had stood up.

"No!" said she. "That I won't. Unless I'm to leave here at once. And you know I have not another place to go to—without warning I mean. I dare say my uncle would take me in, he's a relation, and would be bound to stand by me in whatever disgrace I might be; or perhaps I might get a governess's situation; a pretty governess I should be!"

"Pray, please, Cynthia, don't go off into such wild talking. I don't believe you've done so very wrong. You say you have not, and I believe you. That horrid man has managed to get you involved in some way; but I'm sure papa could set it to rights, if you would only make a friend of him and tell him all——"

"No, Molly," said Cynthia, "I can't, and there's an end of it. You may if you like, only let me leave the house first; give me that much time."

"You know I would never tell anything you wished me not to tell, Cynthia," said Molly, deeply hurt.

"Would you not, darling?" said Cynthia, taking her hand. "Will you promise me that? quite a sacred promise?—for it would be such a comfort to me to tell you all, now you know so much."

"Yes! I'll promise not to tell. You should not have doubted me," said Molly, still a little sorrowfully.

"Very well. I trust to you. I know I may."

"But do think of telling papa, and getting him to help you," persevered Molly.

"Never," said Cynthia resolutely, but more quietly than before. "Do you think I forget what he said at the time of that wretched Mr. Cox; how severe he was, and how long I was in disgrace, if indeed I'm out of it now? I am one of those people, as mamma says sometimes—I cannot live with persons who don't think well of me. It may be a weakness, or a sin, I am sure I don't know and I don't care; but I really cannot be happy in the same house with any one who knows my faults, and thinks that they are greater than my merits. Now you know your father would do that. I have often told you that he (and you too, Molly,) had a higher standard than I had ever known. Oh, I could not bear it—if he were to know he would be so angry with me—he would never get over it, and I have so liked him! I do so like him."

"Well, never mind, dear; he shall not know," said Molly, for Cynthia was again becoming hysterical,—“at least we'll say no more about it now.”

“And you'll never say any more—never—promise me,” said Cynthia, taking her hand eagerly.

“Never till you give me leave. Now do let me see if I cannot help you. Lie down on the bed, and I will sit by you, and let us talk it over.”

But Cynthia sate down again in the chair by the dressing-table.

“When did it all begin?” said Molly, after a long pause of silence.

“Long ago—four or five years. I was such a child to be left all to myself. It was the holidays, and mamma was away visiting, and the Donaldsons asked me to go with them to the Worcester Festival. You can't fancy how pleasant it all sounded, especially to me. I had been shut up in that great dreary house at Ashcombe, where mamma had her school; it belonged to Lord Cumnor, and Mr. Preston as his agent had to see it all painted and papered; but besides that he was very intimate with us: I believe mamma thought—no, I'm not sure about that, and I have enough blame to lay at her door, to prevent my telling you anything that may be only fancy——”

Then she paused, and sate still for a minute or two, recalling the past. Molly was struck by the aged and careworn expression which had taken temporary hold of the brilliant and beautiful face; she could see from that how much Cynthia must have suffered from this hidden trouble of hers.

“Well! at any rate we were intimate with him, and he came a great deal about the house, and knew as much as any one of mamma's affairs, and all the ins and outs of her life. I'm telling you that in order that you may understand how natural it was for me to answer his questions when he came one day and found me, not crying, for you know I'm not much given to that, in spite of to-day's exposure of myself; but fretting and fuming because, though mamma had written word I might go with the Donaldsons, she had never said how I was to get any money for the journey, much less for anything of dress, and I had outgrown all my last year's frocks, and as for gloves and boots—in short, I really had hardly clothes decent enough for church——”

“Why did not you write to her and tell her all this?” said Molly, half afraid of appearing to cast blame by her very natural question.

“I wish I had her letter to show you; you must have seen some of mamma's letters, though; don't you know how she always seems to leave out just the important point of every fact? In this case she descanted largely on the enjoyment she was having, and the kindness she was receiving, and her wish that I could have been with her, and her gladness that I too was going to have some pleasure, but the only thing that would have been of real use to me she left out, and that was where she was going to next. She mentioned that she was leaving the house she was stopping at the day after she wrote, and that she should be at home by a certain date; but I got the letter on a Saturday, and the festival began on the next Tuesday——”

"Poor Cynthia!" said Molly. "Still, if you had written, your letter might have been forwarded. I don't mean to be hard, only I do so dislike the thought of your ever having made a friend of that man."

"Ah!" said Cynthia, sighing. "How easy it is to judge rightly after one sees what evil comes from judging wrongly: I was only a young girl, hardly more than a child, and he was a friend to us then; excepting mamma, the only friend I knew; the Donaldsons were only kind and good-natured acquaintances."

"I am sorry," said Molly humbly, "I have been so happy with papa. I hardly can understand how different it must have been with you."

"Different! I should think so. The worry about money made me sick of my life. We might not say we were poor, it would have injured the school, but I would have stunted and starved if mamma and I had got on as happily together as we might have done—as you and Mr. Gibson do. It was not the poverty; it was that she never seemed to care to have me with her. As soon as the holidays came round, she was off to some great house or another, and I dare say I was at a very awkward age to have me lounging about in the drawing-room when callers came. Girls at the age I was then are so terribly keen at scenting out motives, and putting in their awkward questions as to the little twistings and twirlings and vanishings of conversation; they've no distinct notion of what are the truths and falsehoods of polite life. At any rate I was very much in mamma's way, and I felt it. Mr. Preston seemed to feel it too for me; and I was very grateful to him for kind words and sympathetic looks—crumbs of kindness which would have dropped under your table unnoticed. So this day, when he came to see how the workmen were getting on, he found me in the deserted schoolroom, looking at my faded summer bonnet and some old ribbons I had been sponging out, and half-worn-out gloves—a sort of rag-fair spread out on the deal table. I was in a regular passion with only looking at that shabbiness. He said he was so glad to hear I was going to this festival with the Donaldsons; old Betty, our servant, had told him the news, I believe. But I was so perplexed about money, and my vanity was so put out about my shabby dress, that I was in a pet, and said I should not go. He sat down on the table, and little by little he made me tell him all my troubles. I do sometimes think he was very nice in those days. Somehow I never felt as if it was wrong or foolish or anything to accept his offer of money at the time. He had twenty pounds in his pocket, he said, and really did not know what to do with it, should not want it for months; I could repay it, or rather mamma could, when it suited her. She must have known I should want money, and most likely thought I should apply to him. Twenty pounds would not be too much, I must take it all, and so on. I knew, at least I thought I knew, that I should never spend twenty pounds; but I thought I could give him back what I did not want, and so—well, that was the beginning! It does not sound so very wrong, does it, Molly?"

"No," said Molly, hesitatingly. She did not wish to make herself

into a hard judge, and yet she did so dislike Mr. Preston. Cynthia went on,—

"Well, what with boots and gloves, and a bonnet and a mantle, and a white muslin gown, which was made for me before I left on the Tuesday, and a silk gown that followed to the Donaldsons', and my journeys, and all, there was very little left of the twenty pounds, especially when I found I must get a ball-dress in Worcester, for we were all to go to the Ball. Mrs. Donaldson gave me my ticket, but she rather looked grave at my idea of going to the Ball in my white muslin, which I had already worn two evenings at their house. Oh dear! how pleasant it must be to be rich! You know," continued Cynthia, smiling a very little, "I can't help being aware that I am pretty, and that people admire me very much. I found it out first at the Donaldsons'. I began to think I did look pretty in my fine new clothes, and I saw that other people thought so too. I was certainly the belle of the house, and it was very pleasant to feel my power. The last day or two of that gay week Mr. Preston joined our party. The last time he had seen me was when I was dressed in shabby clothes too small for me, half-crying in my solitude, neglected and penniless. At the Donaldsons' I was a little queen; and as I said, fine feathers make fine birds, all the people were making much of me; and at that ball, which was the first night he came, I had more partners than I knew what to do with. I suppose he really did fall in love with me then. I don't think he had done so before. And then I began to feel how awkward it was to be in his debt. I could not give myself airs to him as I did to others. Oh! it was so awkward and uncomfortable! But I liked him, and felt him as a friend all the time. The last day I was walking in the garden along with the others, and I thought I could tell him how much I had enjoyed myself, and how happy I had been, all thanks to his twenty pounds (I was beginning to feel like Cinderella when the clock was striking twelve), and to tell him it should be repaid to him as soon as possible, though I turned sick at the thought of telling mamma, and knew enough of our affairs to understand how very difficult it would be to muster up the money. The end of our talk came very soon, for almost to my terror he began to talk violent love to me, and to beg me to promise to marry him. I was so frightened, that I ran away to the others. But that night I got a letter from him, apologizing for startling me, renewing his offer, his entreaties for a promise of marriage, to be fulfilled at any date I would please to name—in fact a most urgent love-letter, and in it a reference to my unlucky debt, which was to be a debt no longer, only an advance of the money to be hereafter mine if only—— You can fancy it all, Molly, better than I can remember it to tell it you."

"And what did you say?" asked Molly, breathless.

"I did not answer it at all until another letter came, entreating for a reply. By that time mamma had come home, and the old daily pressure and plaint of poverty had come on. Mary Donaldson wrote to me often, singing the praises of Mr. Preston as enthusiastically as if she had been bribed to

do it. I had seen him a very popular man in their set, and I liked him well enough, and felt grateful to him. So I wrote and gave him my promise to marry him when I was twenty, but it was to be a secret till then. And I tried to forget I had ever borrowed money of him, but somehow as soon as I felt pledged to him I began to hate him. I could not endure his eagerness of greeting if ever he found me alone; and mamma began to suspect, I think. I cannot tell you all the ins and outs, in fact I did not understand them at the time, and I don't remember clearly how it all happened now. But I know that Lady Cuxhaven sent mamma some money to be applied to my education as she called it, and mamma seemed very much put out and in very low spirits, and she and I did not get on at all together. So of course I never ventured to name the hateful twenty pounds to her, but went on trying to think that if I was to marry Mr. Preston, it need never be paid—very mean and wicked I dare say, but oh, Molly, I've been punished for it, for now I abhor that man."

"But why? When did you begin to dislike him? You seem to have taken it very passively all this time."

"I don't know. It was growing upon me before I went to that school at Boulogne. He made me feel as if I was in his power; and by too often reminding me of my engagement to him, he made me critical of his words and ways. There was an insolence in his manner to mamma, too. Ah! you're thinking that I'm not too respectful a daughter—and perhaps not; but I could not bear his covert sneers at her faults, and I hated his way of showing what he called his 'love' for me. Then, after I had been a semestre at *Mdme. le Febvre's*, a new English girl came—a cousin of his, who knew but little of me. Now, Molly, you must forget as soon as I have told you what I am going to say—and she used to talk so much and perpetually about her cousin Robert—he was the great man of the family, evidently—and how he was so handsome, and every lady of the land in love with him,—a lady of title into the bargain."

"Lady Harriet! I dare say," said Molly, indignantly.

"I don't know," said Cynthia, wearily. "I didn't care at the time, and I don't care now; for she went on to say there was a very pretty widow too, who made desperate love to him. He had often laughed with them at all her little advances, which she thought he did not see through. And, oh! and this was the man I had promised to marry, and gone into debt to, and written love-letters to. So now you understand it all, Molly."

"No, I don't yet. What did you do on hearing how he had spoken about your mother?"

"There was but one thing to do. I wrote and told him I hated him, and would never, never marry him, and would pay him back his money and the interest of it as soon as ever I could."

"Well?"

"And *Mdme. le Febvre* brought me back my letter, unopened, I will say; and told me that she did not allow letters to gentlemen to be sent



by the pupils of her establishment unless she had previously seen their contents. I told her he was a family friend, the agent who managed mamma's affairs—I really could not stick at the truth; but she would not let it go; and I had to see her burn it, and to give her my promise I would not write again before she would consent not to tell mamma. So I had to calm down, and wait till I came home."

"But you did not see him then; at least, not for some time."

"No, but I could write; and I began to try and save up my money to pay him."

"What did he say to your letter?"

"Oh, at first he pretended not to believe I could be in earnest; he thought it was only pique, or a temporary offence to be apologized for and covered over with passionate protestations."

"And afterwards?"

"He condescended to threats; and, what is worse, then I turned coward. I could not bear to have it all known and talked about, and my silly letters shown—oh, such letters—I cannot bear to think of them, beginning, 'My dearest Robert,' to that man——"

"But, oh, Cynthia, how could you go and engage yourself to Roger?" asked Molly.

"Why not?" said Cynthia, sharply turning round upon her. "I was free—I am free; it seemed a way of assuring myself that I was quite free; and I did like Roger—it was such a comfort to be brought into contact with people who could be relied upon; and I was not a stock or a stone that I could fail to be touched with his tender, unselfish love, so different to Mr. Preston's. I know you don't think me good enough for him; and, of course, if all this comes out, he won't think me good enough either" (falling into a plaintive tone very touching to hear); "and sometimes I think I will give him up, and go off to some fresh life amongst strangers; and once or twice I have thought I would marry Mr. Preston out of pure revenge, and have him for ever in my power—only I think I should have the worst of it; for he is cruel in his very soul—tigerish, with his beautiful striped skin and relentless heart. I have so begged and begged him to let me go without exposure."

"Never mind the exposure," said Molly. "It will recoil far more on him than harm you."

Cynthia went a little paler. "But I said things in those letters about mamma. I was quick-eyed enough to all her faults, and hardly understood the force of her temptations; and he says he will show those letters to your father, unless I consent to acknowledge our engagement."

"He shall not!" said Molly, rising up in her indignation, and standing before Cynthia almost as resolutely fierce as if she were in the very presence of Mr. Preston himself. "I am not afraid of him. He dare not insult me, or if he does, I do not care. I will ask him for those letters, and see if he will dare to refuse me."

"You don't know him," said Cynthia, shaking her head. "He has

made many an appointment with me, just as if he would take back the money—which has been sealed up ready for him this four months; or as if he would give me back my letters. Poor, poor Roger! How little he thinks of all this. When I want to write words of love to him I pull myself up, for I have written words as affectionate to that other man. And if Mr. Preston ever guessed that Roger and I were engaged he would manage to be revenged on both him and me by giving us as much pain as he could with those unlucky letters—written when I was not sixteen, Molly,—only seven of them! They are like a mine under my feet, which may blow up any day; and down will come father and mother and all." She ended bitterly enough, though her words were so light.

"How can I get them?" said Molly, thinking: "for get them I will. With papa to back me, he dare not refuse."

"Ah! But that's just the thing. He knows I'm afraid of your father's hearing of it all, more than of any one else."

"And yet he thinks he loves you!"

"It is his way of loving. He says often enough he does not care what he does so that he gets me to be his wife; and that after that he is sure he can make me love him." Cynthia began to cry, out of weariness of body and despair of mind. Molly's arms were round her in a minute, and she pressed the beautiful head to her bosom, and laid her own cheek upon it, and hushed her up with lulling words, just as if Cynthia were a little child.

"Oh, it is such a comfort to have told you all!" murmured she. And Molly made reply,—*"I am sure we have right on our side; and that makes me certain he must and shall give up the letters."*

"And take the money?" added Cynthia, lifting her head, and looking eagerly into Molly's face. "He must take the money. Oh, Molly, you can never manage it all without its coming out to your father! And I would far rather go out to Russia as a governess. I almost think I would rather—no, not that," said she, shuddering away from what she was going to say. "But he must not know—please, Molly, he must not know. I could not bear it. I don't know what I might not do. You'll promise me never to tell him, or mamma?"

"I never will. You do not think I would for anything short of saving——" She was going to have said, "saving you and Roger from pain." But Cynthia broke in,—

"For nothing. No reason whatever must make you tell your father. If you fail, you fail, and I will love you for ever for trying; but I shall be no worse than before. Better, indeed; for I shall have the comfort of your sympathy. But promise me not to tell Mr. Gibson."

"I have promised once," said Molly, "but I promise again; so now do go to bed, and try and rest. You are looking as white as a sheet; you'll be ill if you don't get some rest; and it's past two o'clock, and you're shivering with cold."

So they wished each other good-night. But when Molly got into her room all her spirit left her; and she threw herself down on her bed,

dressed as she was, for she had no heart left for anything. If Roger ever heard of it all by any chance, she felt how it would disturb his love for Cynthia. And yet was it right to conceal it from him? She must try and persuade Cynthia to tell it all straight out to him as soon as he returned to England. A full confession on her part would wonderfully lessen any pain he might have on first hearing of it. She lost herself in thoughts of Roger—how he would feel, what he would say, how that meeting would come to pass, where he was at that very time, and so on, till she suddenly plucked herself up, and recollected what she herself had offered and promised to do. Now that the first furore was over, she saw the difficulties clearly; and the foremost of all was how she was to manage to have a tête-à-tête with Mr. Preston? How had Cynthia managed? and the letters that had passed between them too? Unwillingly, Molly was compelled to perceive that there must have been a great deal of underhand work going on beneath Cynthia's apparent openness of behaviour; and still more unwillingly she began to be afraid that she herself would be led into the practice. But she would try and walk in a straight path; and if she did wander out of it, it should only be to save pain to those whom she loved.

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 CHAPTER XLIV.

## MOLLY GIBSON TO THE RESCUE.

It seemed curious enough, after the storms of the night, to meet in smooth tranquillity at breakfast. Cynthia was pale; but she talked as quietly as usual about all manner of indifferent things, while Molly sate silent, watching and wondering, and becoming convinced that Cynthia must have gone through a long experience of concealing her real thoughts and secret troubles before she could have been able to put on such a semblance of composure. Among the letters that came in that morning was one from the London Kirkpatricks; but not from Helen, Cynthia's own particular correspondent. Her sister wrote to apologize for Helen, who was not well, she said: had had the influenza, which had left her very weak and poorly.

"Let her come down here for change of air," said Mr. Gibson. "The country at this time of the year is better than London, excepting when the place is surrounded by trees. Now our house is well drained, high up, gravel soil, and I'll undertake to doctor her for nothing."

"It would be charming," said Mrs. Gibson, rapidly revolving in her mind the changes necessary in her household economy before receiving a young lady accustomed to such a household as Mr. Kirkpatrick's, and calculating the consequent inconveniences in her own mind, weighing them against the probable advantages even while she spoke.

"Should not you like it, Cynthia? and Molly too. You too, dear, would become acquainted with one of the girls, and I have no doubt you would be asked back again, which would be so very nice!"

"And I should not let her go," said Mr. Gibson, who had acquired an unfortunate facility of reading his wife's thoughts.

"Dear Helen!" went on Mrs. Gibson, "I should so like to nurse her, we would make your consulting-room into her own private sitting-room, my dear."—(It is hardly necessary to say that the scales had been weighed down by the inconveniences of having a person behind the scenes for several weeks). "For with an invalid so much depends on tranquillity. In the drawing-room, for instance, she might constantly be disturbed by callers; and the dining-room is so—so what shall I call it? so dinnery,—the smell of meat never seems to leave it; it would have been different if dear papa had allowed me to throw out that window——"

"Why can't she have the dressing-room for her bed-room, and the little room opening out of the drawing-room for her sitting-room?" asked Mr. Gibson.

"The library," for by this name Mrs. Gibson chose to dignify what had formerly been called the book-closet—"why, it would hardly hold a sofa, besides the books and the writing-table, and there are draughts everywhere. No, my dear, we had better not ask her at all, her own home is comfortable at any rate!"

"Well, well!" said Mr. Gibson, seeing that he was to be worsted, and not caring enough about the matter to show fight. "Perhaps you are right. It's a case of luxury *versus* fresh air. Some people suffer more from the want of one than from want of the other. You know I shall be glad to see her if she likes to come, and take us as we are, but I can't give up the consulting-room. It's a necessity and daily bread!"

"I'll write and tell them how kind Mr. Gibson is," said his wife in high contentment, as her husband left the room. "They'll be just as much obliged to him as if she had come!"

Whether it was Helen's illness, or from some other cause, after breakfast Cynthia became very flat and absent, and this lasted all day long; Molly understood now why her moods had been so changeable for many months, and was tender and forbearing with her accordingly. Towards evening when the two girls were left alone, Cynthia came and stood over Molly, so that her face could not be seen.

"Molly," said she, "will you do it? Will you do what you said last night? I have been thinking of it all day, and sometimes I believe he would give you back the letters if you asked him; he might fancy—at any rate it's worth trying, if you don't very much dislike it."

Now it so happened that with every thought she had given to it, Molly disliked the idea of the proposed interview with Mr. Preston more and more; but it was after all her own offer, and she neither could nor would draw back from it; it might do good; she did not see how it could possibly do harm. So she gave her consent, and tried to conceal her distaste, which grew upon her more and more as Cynthia hastily arranged the details.

"You shall meet him in the avenue leading from the park lodge up to

the Towers. He can come in one way, from the Towers, where he has often business—he has pass-keys everywhere—you can go in as we have often done by the lodge—you need not go far."

It did strike Molly that Cynthia must have had some experience in making all these arrangements; and she did venture to ask how he was to be informed of all this? Cynthia only reddened, and replied, "Oh! never mind! He will only be too glad to come; you heard him say he wished to discuss the affair more; it is the first time the appointment has come from my side. If I can but once be free—oh, Molly, I will love you, and be grateful to you all my life!"

Molly thought of Roger, and that thought prompted her next speech.

"It must be horrible—I think I'm very brave—but I don't think I could have—could have accepted even Roger, with a half-cancelled engagement hanging over me." She blushed as she spoke.

"You forget how I detest Mr. Preston!" said Cynthia. "It was that, more than any excess of love for Roger, that made me thankful to be at least as securely pledged to some one else. He did not want to call it an engagement, but I did; because it gave me the feeling of assurance that I was free from Mr. Preston. And so I am! all but these letters. Oh! if you can but make him take back his abominable money, and get me my letters. Then we would bury it all in oblivion, and he could marry somebody else, and I would marry Roger, and no one would be the wiser. After all it was only what people call 'youthful folly.' And you may tell Mr. Preston that as soon as he makes my letters public, shows them to your father or anything, I'll go away from Hollingford, and never come back——"

Loaded with many such messages, which she felt that she should never deliver, not really knowing what she should say, hating the errand, not satisfied with Cynthia's manner of speaking about her relations to Roger, oppressed with shame and complicity in conduct which appeared to her deceitful, yet willing to bear all and brave all, if she could once set Cynthia in a straight path—in a clear space, and almost more pitiful to her friend's great distress and possible disgrace, than able to give her that love which involves perfect sympathy, Molly set out on her walk towards the appointed place. It was a cloudy blustering day, and the noise of the blowing wind among the nearly leafless branches of the great trees filled her ears, as she passed through the park-gates and entered the avenue. She walked quickly, instinctively wishing to get her blood up, and have no time for thought. But there was a bend in the avenue about a quarter of a mile from the lodge; after that bend it was a straight line up to the great house, now emptied of its inhabitants. Molly did not like going quite out of sight of the lodge, and she stood facing it, close by the trunk of one of the trees. Presently she heard a step coming on the grass. It was Mr. Preston. He saw a woman's figure, half-behind the trunk of a tree, and made no doubt that it was Cynthia. But when he came nearer, almost close, the figure turned round, and, instead of the

brilliantly coloured face of Cynthia, he met the pale resolved look of Molly. She did not speak to greet him, but though he felt sure from the general aspect of pallor and timidity that she was afraid of him, her steady grey eyes met his with courageous innocence.

"Is Cynthia unable to come?" asked he, perceiving that she expected him.

"I did not know you thought that you should meet her," said Molly, a little surprised. In her simplicity she had believed that Cynthia had named that it was she, Molly Gibson, who would meet Mr. Preston at a given time and place; but Cynthia had been too worldly-wise for that, and had decoyed him thither by a vaguely worded note, which, while avoiding actual falsehood, had led him to believe that she herself would give him the meeting.

"She said she should be here," said Mr. Preston, extremely annoyed at being entrapped as he now felt that he had been, into an interview with Miss Gibson. Molly hesitated a little before she spoke. He was determined not to break the silence; as she had intruded herself into the affair, she should find her situation as awkward as possible.

"At any rate she sent me here to meet you," said Molly. "She has told me exactly how matters stand between you and her."

"Has she?" sneered he. "She is not always the most open or reliable person in the world!"

Molly reddened. She perceived the impertinence of the tone; and her temper was none of the coolest. But she mastered herself and gained courage by so doing.

"You should not speak so of the person you profess to wish to have for your wife. But putting all that aside, you have some letters of hers that she wishes to have back again."

"I dare say."

"And that you have no right to keep."

"No legal, or no moral right? which do you mean?"

"I do not know; simply you have no right at all, as a gentleman, to keep a girl's letters when she asks for them back again, much less to hold them over her as a threat."

"I see you do know all, Miss Gibson," said he, changing his manner to one of more respect. "At least she has told you her story from her point of view, her side; now you must hear mine. She promised me as solemnly as ever woman——"

"She was not a woman, she was only a girl, barely sixteen."

"Old enough to know what she was doing; but I'll call her a girl if you like. She promised me solemnly to be my wife, making the one stipulation of secrecy, and a certain period of waiting; she wrote me letters repeating this promise, and confidential enough to prove that she considered herself bound to me by such an implied relation. I don't give in to humbug—I don't set myself up as a saint—and in most ways I can look after my own interests pretty keenly; you know enough of her position as a



penniless girl, and at that time, with no influential connections to take the place of wealth, and help me on in the world, it was as sincere and unworldly a passion as ever man felt; she must say so herself. I might have married two or three girls with plenty of money; one of them was handsome enough, and not at all reluctant."

Molly interrupted him; she was chafed at the conceit of his manner. "I beg your pardon, but I do not want to hear accounts of young ladies whom you might have married; I come here simply on behalf of Cynthia, who does not like you, and who does not wish to marry you."

"Well, then I must make her 'like' me, as you call it. She did 'like' me once, and made promises which she will find it requires the consent of two people to break. I don't despair of making her love me as much as ever she did, according to her letters, at least, when we are married."

"She will never marry you," said Molly, firmly.

"Then if she ever honours any one else with her preference, he shall be allowed the perusal of her letters to me."

Molly almost could have laughed; she was so secure and certain that Roger would never read letters offered to him under these circumstances; but then she thought that he would feel such pain at the whole affair, and at the contact with Mr. Preston, especially if he had not heard of it from Cynthia first, and if she, Molly, could save him pain she would. Before she could settle what to say, Mr. Preston spoke again.

"You said the other day that Cynthia was engaged. May I ask whom to?"

"No," said Molly, "you may not. You heard her say it was not an engagement. It is not exactly; and if it were a full engagement, do you think, after what you last said, I should tell you to whom? But you may be sure of this, he would never read a line of your letters. He is too—— No! I won't speak of him before you. You could never understand him."

"It seems to me that this mysterious 'he' is a very fortunate person to have such a warm defender in Miss Gibson, to whom he is not at all engaged," said Mr. Preston, with so disagreeable a look on his face that Molly suddenly found herself on the point of bursting into tears. But she rallied herself, and worked on—for Cynthia first, and for Roger as well.

"No honourable man or woman will read your letters, and if any people do read them, they will be so much ashamed of it that they won't dare to speak of them. What use can they be of to you?"

"They contain Cynthia's reiterated promises of marriage," replied he.

"She says she would rather leave Hollingford for ever, and go out to earn her bread, than marry you."

His face fell a little. He looked so bitterly mortified that Molly was almost sorry for him.

"Does she say that to you in cold blood? Do you know you are telling me very hard truths, Miss Gibson?—if they are truths, that is to say," he continued, recovering himself a little. "Young ladies are very

fond of the words 'hate' and 'detest.' I have known many who have applied them to men whom they were all the time hoping to marry."

"I cannot tell about other people," said Molly, "I only know that Cynthia does—" Here she hesitated for a moment; she felt for his pain, and so she hesitated; but then she brought it out—"does as nearly hate you as anybody like her ever does hate."

"Like her?" said he, repeating the words almost unconsciously, seizing on anything to try and hide his mortification.

"I mean, I should hate worse," said Molly in a low voice.

But he did not attend much to her answer. He was working the point of his stick into the turf, and his eyes were bent on it.

"So now would you mind sending her back the letters by me? I do assure you that you cannot make her marry you."

"You are very simple, Miss Gibson," said he, suddenly lifting up his head. "I suppose that you don't know that there is any other feeling that can be gratified, excepting love. Have you never heard of revenge? Cynthia has cajoled me with promises, and little as you or she may believe me—well, it's of no use speaking of that. I don't mean to let her go unpunished. You may tell her that. I shall keep the letters, and make use of them as I see fit when the occasion arises."

Molly was miserably angry with herself for her mismanagement of the affair. She had hoped to succeed: she had only made matters worse. What new argument could she use? Meanwhile he went on, lashing himself up as he thought how the two girls must have talked him over, bringing in wounded vanity to add to the rage of disappointed love.

"Mr. Osborne Hamley may hear of their contents, though he may be too honourable to read them. Nay, even your father may hear whispers; and if I remember them rightly, Miss Cynthia Kirkpatrick does not always speak in the most respectful terms of the lady who is now Mrs. Gibson. There are——"

"Stop," said Molly. "I won't hear anything out of these letters, written, when she was almost without friends, to you whom she looked upon as a friend! But I have thought of what I will do next. I give you fair warning. If I had not been foolish I should have told my father, but Cynthia made me promise that I would not. So I will tell it all, from beginning to end, to Lady Harriet, and ask her to speak to her father. I feel sure that she will do it; and I don't think you will dare to refuse Lord Cumnor."

He felt at once that he should not dare; that, clever land-agent as he was, and high up in the earl's favour on that account, yet that the conduct of which he had been guilty about the letters, and the threats which he had held out about them, were just what no gentleman, no honourable man, no manly man, could put up with in any one about him. He knew that much, and he wondered how she, the girl standing before him, had been clever enough to find it out. He forgot himself for an instant in admiration of her. There she stood, frightened, yet brave, not letting go her hold on what she meant to do, even when things seemed

most against her; and besides, there was something that struck him most of all perhaps, and which shows the kind of man he was—he perceived that Molly was as unconscious that he was a young man, and she a young woman, as if she had been a pure angel of heaven. Though he felt that he would have to yield, and give up the letters, he was not going to do it at once; and while he was thinking what to say so as still to evade making any concession till he had had time to think over it, he, with his quick senses all about him, heard the trotting of a horse cranching quickly along over the gravel of the drive. A moment afterwards, Molly's perception overtook his. He could see the startled look overspread her face; and in an instant she would have run away, but before the first rush was made, Mr. Preston laid his hand firmly on her arm.

"Keep quiet. You must be seen. You, at any rate, have done nothing to be ashamed of."

As he spoke Mr. Sheepshanks came round the bend of the road and was close upon them. Mr. Preston saw, if Molly did not, the sudden look of intelligence that dawned upon the shrewd ruddy face of the old gentleman—saw, but did not much heed. He went forwards and spoke to Mr. Sheepshanks, who made a halt right before them.

"Miss Gibson! your servant! Rather a blustering day for a young lady to be out, and cold, I should say, for standing still too long; eh, Preston?" poking his whip at the latter in a knowing manner.

"Yes," said Mr. Preston; "and I'm afraid I have kept Miss Gibson too long standing."

Molly did not know what to say or do; so she only bowed a silent farewell, and turned away to go home, feeling very heavy at heart at the non-success of her undertaking. For she did not know how she had conquered, in fact, although Mr. Preston might not as yet acknowledge it even to himself. Before she was out of hearing, she heard Mr. Sheepshanks say,—

"Sorry to have disturbed your tête-à-tête, Preston," but though she heard the words, their implied sense did not sink into her mind; she was only feeling how she had gone out glorious and confident, and was coming back to Cynthia defeated.

Cynthia was on the watch for her return, and, rushing downstairs, dragged Molly into the dining-room.

"Well, Molly? Oh! I see you have not got them. After all, I never expected it." She sate down, as if she could get over her disappointment better in that position, and Molly stood like a guilty person before her.

"I am so sorry; I did all I could; we were interrupted at last—Mr. Sheepshanks rode up."

"Provoking old man! Do you think you should have persuaded him to give up the letters if you had had more time?"

"I don't know. I wish Mr. Sheepshanks had not come just then. I did not like his finding me standing talking to Mr. Preston."

"Oh ! I daresay he would never think anything about it. What did he—Mr. Preston—say ?"

"He seemed to think you were fully engaged to him, and that these letters were the only proof he had. I think he loves you in his way."

"His way, indeed !" said Cynthia, scornfully.

"The more I think of it, the more I see it would be better for papa to speak to him. I did say I would tell it all to Lady Harriet, and get Lord Cumnor to make him give up the letters. But it would be very awkward."

"Very !" said Cynthia, gloomily. "But he would see it was only a threat."

"But I will do it in a moment, if you like. I meant what I said ; only I feel that papa would manage it best of all, and more privately."

"I'll tell you what, Molly ; you're bound by a promise, you know, and cannot tell Mr. Gibson without breaking your solemn word ; but it's just this. I'll leave Hollingford and never come back again, if ever your father hears of this affair ; there !" Cynthia stood up now, and began to fold up Molly's shawl, in her nervous excitement.

"Oh, Cynthia—Roger !" was all that Molly said.

"Yes, I know ! you need not remind me of him. But I'm not going to live in the house with any one who may be always casting up in his mind the things he had heard against me—things—faults, perhaps—which sound so much worse than they really are. I was so happy when I first came here : you all liked me, and admired me, and thought well of me, and now—— Why, Molly, I can see the difference in you already. You carry your thoughts in your face—I have read them there these two days—you've been thinking, 'How Cynthia must have deceived me ; keeping up a correspondence all this time—having half-engagements to two men.' You've been more full of that than of pity for me as a girl who has always been obliged to manage for herself, without any friend to help her and protect her."

Molly was silent. There was a great deal of truth in what Cynthia was saying ; and yet a great deal of falsehood. For, through all this long forty-eight hours, Molly had loved Cynthia dearly ; and had been more weighed down by the position the latter was in than Cynthia herself. She also knew—but this was a second thought following on the other—that she had suffered much pain in trying to do her best in this interview with Mr. Preston. She had been tried beyond her strength ; and the great tears welled up into her eyes, and fell slowly down her cheeks.

"Oh ! what a brute I am," said Cynthia, kissing them away. "I see—I know it is the truth, and I deserve it—but I need not reproach you."

"You did not reproach me !" said Molly, trying to smile. "I have thought some of what you said—but I do love you dearly—dearly, Cynthia—I should have done just the same as you did."

"No, you would not. Your grain is different, somehow."

## CHAPTER XLV.

## CONFIDENCES.

ALL the rest of that day Molly was depressed and not well. Having anything to conceal was so unusual—almost so unprecedented a circumstance with her that it preyed upon her in every way.

It was a nightmare that she could not shake off; she did so wish to forget it all, and yet every little occurrence seemed to remind her of it. The next morning's post brought several letters; one from Roger for Cynthia, and Molly, letterless herself, looked at Cynthia as she read it, with wistful sadness; it appeared to Molly as though Cynthia should have no satisfaction in these letters, until she had told him what was her exact position with Mr. Preston; yet Cynthia was colouring and dimpling up as she always did at any pretty words of praise, or admiration, or love. But Molly's thoughts and Cynthia's reading were both interrupted by a little triumphant sound from Mrs. Gibson, as she pushed a letter she had just received to her husband, with a—

"There! I must say I expected that!" Then, turning to Cynthia, she explained—"It is a letter from uncle Kirkpatrick, love. So kind, wishing you to go and stay with them, and help them to cheer up Helen; poor Helen! I am afraid she is very far from well. But we could not have had her here, without disturbing dear papa in his consulting-room; and, though I could have relinquished my dressing-room—he—well! so I said in my letter how you were grieved—you above all of us, because you are such a friend of Helen's, you know—and how you longed to be of use,—as I am sure you do—and so now they want you to go up directly, for Helen has quite set her heart upon it."

Cynthia's eyes sparkled. "I shall like going," said she—"all but leaving you, Molly," she added, in a lower tone, as if suddenly smitten with some compunction.

"Can you be ready to go up by the Bang-up to-night," said Mr. Gibson, "for, curiously enough, after more than twenty years of quiet practice at Hollingford, I am summoned up to-day for the first time to a consultation in London, to-morrow. I am afraid Lady Cumnor is worse, my dear."

"You don't say so? Poor dear lady! What a shock it is to me. I'm so glad I've had some breakfast. I could not have eaten anything."

"Nay, I only say she is worse. With her complaint, being worse may be only a preliminary to being better. Don't take my words for more than their literal meaning."

"Thank you. How kind and reassuring dear papa always is. About your gowns, Cynthia?"

"Oh, they are all right, mamma, thank you. I shall be quite ready by four o'clock. Molly, will you come with me and help me to pack? I wanted to speak to you, dear," said she, as soon as they had gone upstairs.

"It is such a relief to get away from a place haunted by that man; but I'm afraid you thought I was glad to leave you; and indeed I am not." There was a little flavour of "protesting too much" about this; but Molly did not perceive it. She only said, "Indeed I did not. I know from my own feelings how you must dislike meeting a man in public in a different manner from what you have done in private. I shall try not to see Mr. Preston again for a long, long time, I'm sure. But Cynthia, you have not told me one word out of Roger's letter. Please how is he? Has he quite got over his attack of fever?"

"Yes, quite. He writes in very good spirits. A great deal about birds and beasts, as usual, habits of natives, and things of that kind. You may read from there—indicating a place in the letter—to there, if you can; and I'll tell you what, I'll trust you with it, Molly, while I pack (and that shows my sense of your honour, not but what you might read it all, only you'd find the love-making dull); but make a little account of where he is, and what he is doing, date, and that sort of thing, and send it to his father."

Molly took the letter down without a word, and began to copy it at the writing-table; often reading over what she was allowed to read; often pausing, her cheek on her hand, her eyes on the letter, and letting her imagination rove to the writer, and all the scenes in which she had either seen him herself, or in which her fancy had painted him. She was startled from her meditations by Cynthia's sudden entrance into the drawing-room, looking the picture of glowing delight. "No one here! What a blessing! Ah, Miss Molly, you are more eloquent than you believe yourself. Look here!" holding up a large full envelope, and then quickly replacing it in her pocket, as if she was afraid of being seen. "What's the matter, sweet one?" coming up and caressing Molly. "Is it worrying itself over that letter? Why, don't you see these are my very own horrible letters, that I am going to burn directly, that Mr. Preston has had the grace to send me, thanks to you, little Molly—cuishla ma chree, pulse of my heart,—the letters that have been hanging over my head like somebody's sword for these two years?"

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Molly, rousing up a little. "I never thought he would have sent them. He is better than I believed him. And now it is all over. I am so glad. You quite think he means to give up all claim over you by this, don't you, Cynthia?"

"He may claim, but I won't be claimed; and he has no proofs now. It is the most charming relief; and I owe it all to you, you precious little lady! Now there is only one thing more to be done; and if you would but do it for me——?" (coaxing and caressing while she asked the question).

"Oh, Cynthia, don't ask me; I cannot do any more. You don't know how sick I go when I think of yesterday, and Mr. Sheepshanks' look."

"It is only a very little thing. I won't burden your conscience with telling you how I got my letters, but it is not through a person I can trust with money; and I must force him to take back his twenty-three pounds



odd shillings. I have put it together at the rate of five per cent., and it's sealed up. Oh, Molly, I should go off with such a light heart if you would only try to get it safely to him. It's the last thing; there would be no immediate hurry, you know. You might meet him by chance in a shop, in the street, even at a party—and if you only had it with you in your pocket, there would be nothing so easy."

Molly was silent. "Papa would give it to him. There would be no harm in that. I would tell him he must ask no questions as to what it was."

"Very well," said Cynthia, "have it your own way. I think my way is the best; for if any of this affair comes out—— But you've done a great deal for me already, and I won't blame you now for declining to do any more!"

"I do so dislike having these underhand dealings with him," pleaded Molly.

"Underhand! just simply giving him a letter from me! If I left a note for Miss Browning, should you dislike giving it to her?"

"You know that's very different. I could do it openly."

"And yet there might be writing in that; and there would not be a line with the money. It would only be the winding-up—the honourable, honest winding-up of an affair which has worried me for years! But do as you like!"

"Give it me!" said Molly. "I will try."

"There's a darling! You can but try; and if you can't give it to him in private, without getting yourself into a scrape, why, keep it till I come back again. He shall have it then, whether he will or no!"

Molly looked forward to her tête-à-tête two days with Mrs. Gibson with very different anticipations to those with which she had welcomed the similar intercourse with her father. In the first place, there was no accompanying the travellers to the inn from which the coach started; leave-taking in the market-place was quite out of the bounds of Mrs. Gibson's sense of propriety. Besides this, it was a gloomy, rainy evening, and candles had to be brought in at an unusually early hour. There would be no break for six hours—no music, no reading; but the two ladies would sit at their worsted work, pattering away at small-talk, with not even the usual break of dinner; for, to suit the requirements of those who were leaving, they had already dined early. But Mrs. Gibson really meant to make Molly happy, and tried to be an agreeable companion, only Molly was not well, and uneasy about many apprehended cares and troubles—and at such hours of indisposition as she was then passing through, apprehensions take the shape of certainties, lying await in our paths. Molly would have given a good deal to have shaken off all these feelings, unusual enough to her; but the very house and furniture, and rain-blurred outer landscape, seemed steeped with unpleasant associations, most of them dating from the last few days.

"You and I must go on the next journey, I think, my dear," said

Mrs. Gibson, almost chiming in with Molly's wish that she could get away from Hollingford into some new air and life, for a week or two. We have been stay-at-homes for a long time, and variety of scene is so desirable for the young! But I think the travellers will be wishing themselves at home by this nice bright fireside. 'There's no place like home,' as the poet says. 'Mid pleasures and palaces although I may roam,' it begins, and it's both very pretty and very true. It's a great blessing to have such a dear little home as this, is not it, Molly?"

"Yes," said Molly, rather drearily, having something of the "Toujours perdrix" feeling at the moment. If she could but have gone away with her father, just for two days, how pleasant it would have been.

"To be sure, love, it would be very nice for you and me to go a little journey all by ourselves. You and I. No one else. If it were not such miserable weather we would have gone off on a little impromptu tour. I've been longing for something of the kind for some weeks; but we live such a restricted kind of life here! I declare sometimes I get quite sick of the very sight of the chairs and tables that I know so well. And one misses the others too! It seems so flat and deserted without them!"

"Yes! We are very forlorn to-night; but I think it's partly owing to the weather!"

"Nonsense, dear. I can't have you giving in to the silly fancy of being affected by weather. Poor dear Mr. Kirkpatrick used to say, 'a cheerful heart makes its own sunshine.' He would say it to me, in his pretty way, whenever I was a little low—for I am a complete barometer—you may really judge of the state of the weather by my spirits, I have always been such a sensitive creature! It is well for Cynthia that she does not inherit it; I don't think her easily affected in any way, do you?"

Molly thought for a minute or two, and then replied—"No, she is certainly not easily affected—not deeply affected perhaps I should say."

"Many girls, for instance, would have been touched by the admiration she excited—I may say the attentions she received when she was at her uncle's last summer."

"At Mr. Kirkpatrick's?"

"Yes. There was Mr. Henderson, that young lawyer; that's to say he is studying law, but he has a good private fortune and is likely to have more, so he can only be what I call playing at law. Mr. Henderson was over head and ears in love with her. It is not my fancy, although I grant mothers are partial; both Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick noticed it; and in one of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's letters, she said that poor Mr. Henderson was going into Switzerland for the long vacation, doubtless to try and forget Cynthia; but she really believed he would find it only dragging at each remove a lengthening chain. I thought it such a refined quotation, and altogether worded so prettily. You must know aunt Kirkpatrick some day, Molly, my love: she is what I call a woman of a truly elegant mind."

"I can't help thinking it was a pity that Cynthia did not tell them of her engagement."

"It is not an engagement, my dear! How often must I tell you that?"

"But what am I to call it?"

"I don't see why you need to call it anything. Indeed I don't understand what you mean by 'it.' You should always try to express yourself intelligibly. It really is one of the first principles of the English language. In fact, philosophers might ask what is language given us for at all, if it is not that we may make our meaning understood?"

"But there is something between Cynthia and Roger; they are more to each other than I am to Osborne, for instance. What am I to call it?"

"You should not couple your name with that of any unmarried young man, it is so difficult to teach you delicacy, child. Perhaps one may say there is a peculiar relation between dear Cynthia and Roger, but it is very difficult to characterize it; I have no doubt that is the reason she shrinks from speaking about it. For, between ourselves, Molly, I really sometimes think it will come to nothing. He is so long away, and, privately speaking, Cynthia is not very very constant. I once knew her very much taken before—that little affair is quite gone by; and she was very civil to Mr. Henderson, in her way; I fancy she inherits it, for when I was a girl I was beset by lovers, and could never find in my heart to shake them off. You have not heard dear papa say anything of the old squire, or dear Osborne, have you? It seems so long since we have heard or seen anything of Osborne. But he must be quite well, I think, or we should have heard of it."

"I believe he is quite well. Some one said the other day that they had met him riding—it was Mrs. Goodenough, now I remember—and that he was looking stronger than he had done for years."

"Indeed! I am truly glad to hear it. I always was fond of Osborne; and, do you know, I never really took to Roger; I respected him and all that, of course. But to compare him with Mr. Henderson! Mr. Henderson is so handsome and well-bred, and gets all his gloves from Houbigant!"

It was true that they had not seen anything of Osborne Hamley for a long time; but, as it often happens, just after they had been speaking about him he appeared. It was on the day following on Mr. Gibson's departure that Mrs. Gibson had received one of the notes, not so common now as formerly, from the family in town asking her to go over to the Towers, and find a book, or a manuscript, or something or other that Lady Cumnor wanted with all an invalid's impatience. It was just the kind of employment she required for an amusement on a gloomy day, and it put her into a good humour immediately. There was a certain confidential importance about it, and it was a variety, and it gave her the pleasant drive in a fly up the noble avenue, and the sense of being the temporary mistress of all the grand rooms once so familiar to her. She asked Molly to accompany her, out of an access of kindness, but was not at all sorry when Molly excused herself and preferred stopping at home. At eleven o'clock Mrs. Gibson was off, all in her Sunday best (to use the servant's expression, which she herself

would so have contemned), well-dressed in order to impose on the servants at the Towers, for there was no one else to be seen or to be seen by.

"I shall not be at home until the afternoon, my dear! But I hope you will not find it dull. I don't think you will, for you are something like me, my love—never less alone than when alone, as one of the great authors has justly expressed it."

Molly enjoyed her house to herself to the full as much as Mrs. Gibson would enjoy having the Towers to herself. She ventured on having her lunch brought upon a tray into the drawing-room, so that she might eat her sandwiches while she went on with her book. In the middle, Mr. Osborne Hamley was announced. He came in, looking wretchedly ill in spite of purblind Mrs. Goodenough's report of his healthy appearance.

"This call is not on you, Molly," said he, after the first greetings were over. "I was in hopes I might have found your father at home; I thought lunch-time was the best hour." He had sate down, as if thoroughly glad of the rest, and fallen into a languid stooping position, as if it had become so natural to him that no sense of what were considered good manners sufficed to restrain him now.

"I hope you did not want to see him professionally?" said Molly, wondering if she was wise in alluding to his health, yet urged to it by her real anxiety.

"Yes, I did. I suppose I may help myself to a biscuit and a glass of wine? No, don't ring for more. I could not eat it if it was here. But I just want a mouthful; this is quite enough, thank you. When will your father be back?"

"He was summoned up to London. Lady Cumnor is worse. I fancy there is some operation going on; but I don't know. He will be back to-morrow night."

"Very well. Then I must wait. Perhaps I shall be better by that time. I think it's half fancy; but I should like your father to tell me so. He will laugh at me, I daresay; but I don't think I shall mind that. He always is severe on fanciful patients, is not he, Molly?"

Molly thought that if he saw Osborne's looks just now he would hardly think him fanciful, or be inclined to be severe. But she only said,—  
"Papa enjoys a joke at everything, you know. It is a relief after all the sorrow he sees."

"Very true. There is a great deal of sorrow in the world. I don't think it's a very happy place after all. So Cynthia is gone to London," he added, after a pause. "I think I should like to have seen her again. Poor old Roger! He loves her very dearly, Molly," he said. Molly hardly knew how to answer him in all this; she was so struck by the change in both voice and manner.

"Mamma has gone to the Towers," she began, at length. "Lady Cumnor wanted several things that mamma only can find. She will be sorry to miss you. We were speaking of you only yesterday, and she said how long it was since we had seen you."

"I think I've grown careless; I have often felt so weary and ill that it was all I could do to keep up a brave face before my father."

"Why did you not come and see papa?" said Molly; "or write to him?"

"I cannot tell. I drifted on sometimes better, and sometimes worse, till to-day I mustered up pluck, and came to hear what your father has got to tell me: and all for no use it seems."

"I am very sorry. But it is only for two days. He shall go and see you as soon as ever he returns."

"He must not alarm my father, remember, Molly," said Osborne, lifting himself by the arms of his chair into an upright position and speaking eagerly for the moment. "I wish to God Roger was at home," said he, falling back into the old posture.

"I can't help understanding you," said Molly. "You think yourself very ill; but is not it that you are tired just now?" She was not sure if she ought to have understood what was passing in his mind; but as she did, she could not help speaking a true reply.

"Well, sometimes I do think I'm very ill; and then, again, I think it's only the moping life sets me fancying and exaggerating." He was silent for some time. Then, as if he had taken a sudden resolution, he spoke again. "You see there are others depending upon me—upon my health. You have not forgotten what you heard that day in the library at home? No, I know you have not. I have seen the thought of it in your eyes often since then. I did not know you at that time. I think I do now."

"Don't go on talking so fast," said Molly. "Rest. No one will interrupt us; I will go on with my sewing; when you want to say anything more I shall be listening." For she had been alarmed at the strange pallor that had come over his face.

"Thank you." After a time he roused himself, and began to speak very quietly, as if on an indifferent matter of fact.

"The name of my wife is Aimée. Aimée Hamley of course. She lives at Bishopsfield, a village near Winchester. Write it down, but keep it to yourself. She is a Frenchwoman, a Roman Catholic, and was a servant. She is a thoroughly good woman. I must not say how dear she is to me. I dare not. I meant once to have told Cynthia, but she did not seem quite to consider me as a brother. Perhaps she was shy of a new relation, but you'll give my love to her, all the same. It is a relief to think that some one else has my secret; and you are like one of us, Molly. I can trust you almost as I can trust Roger. I feel better already now I feel that some one else knows the whereabouts of my wife and child."

"Child!" said Molly, surprised. But before he could reply, Maria had announced,—

"Miss Phoebe Browning."

"Fold up that paper," said he, quickly, putting something into her hands. "It is only for yourself."

## Induction and Deduction.

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At the present moment, when all thinking minds are deeply imbued with the importance of scientific research, it may not prove uninteresting, if I attempt still further \* to illustrate my views regarding the nature and methods of investigation in the natural sciences.

Philosophers in general admit that there are two methods of inquiry into the phenomena or laws of nature, viz., *induction* and *deduction*; both methods being in fact considered as but different roads to the same end, the only difference being in the starting point; inasmuch as the deductive method commences with general principles, the inductive with special facts. Whereas in the application of both it is said that induction always precedes deduction.

According to the views of Aristotle the nature of induction may best be explained by quoting the instance he himself gives of a conclusion arrived at by induction.

Men, horses, mules, &c., live long.

Men, horses, mules, &c., have little bile.

All animals, therefore, that have little bile live long.

To this kind of conclusion, if one wishes to call it by that name, natural philosophers are accustomed; but what is called conclusion here, is really only the perception of the coincidence of two phenomena. The absence of bile is a fact which accompanies longevity, it is a part of a whole, and the conclusion is by no means a syllogism containing in itself the reason why longevity should be dependent on the absence of bile. Let us substitute in the middle link for bile, another accompanying fact, which is common to certain animals, for instance:—

Horses, mules, &c., live long.

Horses, mules, &c.	{	have little bile.
		have glycogen in their flesh.
		have no uric acid.
		have hippuric acid.

It is now at once evident, that the combination of these qualities with longevity is perfectly arbitrary, and not founded on ratiocination. In trying to explain a natural fact or process, the naturalist seeks to establish a connection between the points observed; and, noticing two facts constantly accompanying each other, he starts with the presumption, that the two stand in relation to each other like cause and effect, or that the one is dependent on the other. But this is merely a notion not founded on

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\* See Author's Essay on Lord Bacon.



fact ; an idea simply, which may, or may not, arise in the mind of the observer.

Aristotle defines induction as the way from the special to the general, as in natural philosophy first the knowledge of a fact, and afterwards its explanation, is to be found. But it is clear that in this sense he considered induction not as a method, but as a rule for guiding inquiry.

It is clear that, if all natural forces, their laws, and all things belonging to them, their nature, reaction, and properties were thoroughly known to us, the inquiry into any special process and its explanation would be a simple deductive problem ; each single case could then be solved by simple reasoning.

Suppose it were the rusting of iron in the air which had to be explained. Preliminary inquiries into the composition of rust have determined that it contains iron, oxygen, and water ; and besides that, the composition of the air is thoroughly known. So the elements for the explanation of the rusting of iron appear to be completely at hand ; the experiment, however, shows that in an atmosphere of oxygen, and in the presence of watery vapour, iron does not rust. It is therefore evident, that besides oxygen and vapour, another component part of the air must be present for the conversion of iron into rust. Now it is known that air contains small quantities of carbonic acid, and it can be demonstrated by experiment, that with free access of oxygen, a small trace of carbonic acid suffices to convert a large quantity of metallic iron into the oxide. But rust does not contain any carbonic acid, and so the question arises, what share the acid has in that process. Another known fact is now sufficient to complete the explanation ; viz., the properties of the carbonate of protoxide of iron. In a damp atmosphere, this carbonate absorbs oxygen, and the protoxide is converted into the higher oxide, which does not combine with carbonic acid. During the conversion of the metal into rust, at first the lower oxide is generated, binding carbonic acid ; but the latter is freed again when the protoxide becomes sesquioxide, and so the carbonic acid can resume its original action on the remaining metal for the second and hundredth time, until gradually the whole piece is thoroughly converted into rust. Further inquiries have shown that there is a particular case in which iron in a damp atmosphere may get rusty even in the absence of carbonic acid ; that is, when the air contains ammonia, but then the rusting ceases as soon as all the ammonia has been absorbed. Lastly, it is known that electricity co-operates in the formation of rust.

To this class of researches belong, amongst others, those about the formation of dew by Dr. Wells. That dew is a watery deposit, brought on by cooling, was beyond doubt ; nor was there any doubt that only two modes of cooling existed. The problem to be solved turned on the question, whether the cooling was caused by the transmission of heat through a conductor or by radiation ; and this could be decided by experiments founded on laws thoroughly known.

Researches of this kind meet with no outward obstacles, and merely a certain amount of knowledge and a just appreciation of the accompanying circumstances are needed in order to conduct them. These, however, are very rare, because, in regard to most problems the naturalist does not at once find the necessary material for logical reasoning at his disposal. At the same time it will be seen, that although by researches of this class our insight into the nature of certain phenomena may be increased and become more profound, nevertheless the real limits of science are thereby not widened.

In the great majority of other researches the philosopher meets with obstacles, which the whole sum of his scientific knowledge, as well as the most acute reasoning power, cannot overcome. These, then, are new acts or phenomena appertaining to unknown laws and not accessible to reason for want of the intermediate links for a conclusion.

For this class of researches even the naturalist must possess what principally characterizes the poet, viz., imagination.

The sum total of what we know about nature and her powers, is, in fact, compared with that which we do not know, so small, that naturalists of our age generally stand in exactly the same relation to the problem they attempt to solve as the philosophers of the sixteenth century did to the problems hidden from their understanding which they had to deal with and which by us are looked upon as truisms. As they did then, so we now generally lack one or two of the necessary links for deductive reasoning, and in the absence of one of them our understanding encounters a void it cannot fill up.

That, therefore, which gives us the advantage over former experimenters, does not consist in increased reasoning power, nor in a greater quickness and acuteness of our senses, but in an increased store of facts and experiences, that is, increased material for ratiocination.

This point of view scarcely admits of doubt, although few only have a clear conception of the source from which the continually increasing store of our reasoning material is derived.

A glance into the history of the so-called inductive sciences shows us at once that for centuries they possessed merely the character of art. This character astronomy and mechanics maintained till the time of Newton, part of physics till the time of Galileo, chemistry till the time of Bergmann. Boerhave still defined chemistry as "*ars docens exercere certas physicas operationes.*"

The difference between art and science principally consists in the difference of their objects: art aims at the discovery of facts, science at their explanation. Of course, speaking of art I do not mean any of the so-called fine arts. The artist seeks an object; the experimentalist seeks "a thing," from parts he attempts to construct a whole; the man of science, on the other hand, searches after the cause: starting from the whole, he follows up its parts till he arrives at the very roots.

As the artist knows nothing about a cause, and a cause is of no value

to him, it is clear that what goes on in his mind is not ratiocination. The main characteristic of his thinking is that within his range only lies what is perceptible through the senses ; much in the same way as the understanding tests the conceptions—measures them out, so to say, fixes them and makes them unalterable, in order to be able to use them for deductive reasoning—the inductive artist also acts. He gropes round the properties of things, using his senses to the utmost, and in concentrating by his will his perceptive faculties consecutively on the various qualities of an object and the peculiarities of a phenomenon, each time excluding all others, his imagination gradually acquires a clear and defined view of the whole thing, comparable to an abstract idea, comprising the totality of the thing or phenomenon. A blue, black, or yellow colour, or the formation of a white precipitate, which dissolves or does not dissolve in certain acids or alkalis, calls to the mind of the chemist the idea of iron, iodine, &c.; which idea, however, is totally different from that connected with these things in every-day life.

By combining correct conceptions with each other the understanding arrives at conclusions, the truth of which can again only be recognized by the understanding. The combinations of an artist's thoughts, on the contrary, are able to assume shape, or to become in some other way perceptible to the senses.

It is to this peculiar mental process, in which imagination acts the chief part, that I should like to apply the term induction ; and I believe that this is not in opposition to Aristotle.

It is not easy to give a clear conception of an experimentalist's reasoning operations. They depend, as was already mentioned, upon a combination of facts or phenomena, standing to each other in a similar relation as the logical conceptions, which lead the understanding in forming its conclusions. From facts or reactions, with which the experimenter is conversant, he divines the existence of new hitherto unknown ones. The conclusion he arrives at is again a *fact* or a *reaction*. The reasoning of the chemist or natural philosopher can perhaps be best compared to the peculiar faculty of the composer, who thinks in sounds.

In the exact sciences the logic of the explanation of a phenomenon, or of the demonstration of a theory, rests upon facts, connected together like the links of a chain, or like joints ; and whoever will take the trouble to read investigations in chemistry or physics, will at once perceive that the majority of facts the philosopher makes use of for explanation or demonstration do not spontaneously occur in nature, but that they have first been devised or invented by the naturalist. The missing facts, which make deductive reasoning impossible, he is obliged to seek by induction ; that is, through combinations of his imagination. His work now consists in letting those means or things which seem appropriate to his purpose act upon each other according to the rules of experimental art ; and from the reactions or phenomena thereby called forth, to draw conclusions as to the existence or non-existence of the fact in question. He makes, as we

express it, a series of experiments, which, by their result, determine the direction of his deductive reasoning.

The difficulty for him is, that the way leading to the discovery of the missing facts is totally unknown to him; for if the way were known, the latter could be found by reasoning. He is, therefore, obliged to confine himself to the watching of the phenomena furnished by his experiments, as these are the landmarks to lead him in the different operations of his imagination.

One of the simplest examples of the inductive process is furnished by Schoenbein's memorable discovery of ozonized oxygen, by means of chemistry.

Schoenbein had found that atmospheric air, when electrical sparks are passed through it, acquires new properties, the most noticeable of which consists in a most powerful affinity of its oxygen, to a degree hitherto unknown. In such air a number of bodies, such as silver, upon which oxygen, in non-electrized air, has no influence whatever, become oxidized.

Now the question is, how did Schoenbein arrive at the conclusion, that phosphorus slowly burning in the air, puts the air into the same state as the electrical spark? This conclusion was founded on the observation, that electrized air smells like phosphorus, and *vice versa*, slowly burning phosphorus like electrized air; furthermore, Schoenbein has discovered that the smelling matter possessed the oxidizing effects. So the conclusion of the formation and existence of the same thing—the ozon—in two according to their nature totally different processes, originated in the observation of the same impression upon one of the senses—that of smell. If the leadership in this combination of ideas had been left to the understanding, the discovery most probably would not have been made; for the understanding would not have been able to reconcile those two facts, the formation of an agent possessing most powerful oxidizing properties, through or by the side of a body as highly oxidizable as phosphorus.

One of Faraday's greatest discoveries furnishes another example of induction still more complicated.

Oerstedt had produced magnetism by passing an electrical current through metal bars. Faraday on the contrary tried to produce an electrical spark or current by means of a magnet; his endeavours were directed upon the production of a phenomenon which, as the law and the way leading to it were unknown, could only be solved by art, that is by means of the inductive method. Not until the phenomenon was once known in all its bearings, did it become possible to make it the object of deductive examination, and so the contrast between Faraday's inductive task and the deductive one of Weber becomes evident. To use a former expression, Faraday sought *the thing*, Weber the *cause* or *law*. I have heard some mathematicians complain that the style of Faraday's writings on such subjects was almost unintelligible to them, and that they were scarcely readable in consequence of their contents resembling mere extracts from a diary; but the fault lay with the mathematicians, not with Faraday.

Natural philosophers who starting from chemistry have gone over to the study of physics receive from Faraday's treatises an impression like that of a beautiful musical composition upon a trained ear.

The electrical machine, the electrophorus, the Leyden phial, the Voltaic pile, Kepler's three laws, have been found out through combinations of imagination; the same is the case with those most complicated chemical processes used for obtaining certain metals, for instance, iron, silver, and copper, from their respective ores. The conversion of iron into steel, of copper into brass, of skin into leather, of fats into soap, of salt into soda, and a thousand other important discoveries, have been made by men who either knew nothing at all about the real nature of the bodies or processes they had to deal with, or whose notions about it were at least totally wrong. The understanding had nothing at all to do with that association of ideas which led the inventor of glove-leather to the top of towers, there to collect for his purpose the white excrements of rooks and jackdaws, or which led the dyer to use cow-dung for fixing his dyes upon the textures, or which led the miner of those plateaux of America, where no fuel is to be found, to the discovery of that admirable method of obtaining silver by a sort of humide process.

All this will appear strange enough if I mention that, until a few years ago, the real nature of glass, soap, or leather was not understood, just as even now experiments are daily made to obtain an insight into what is going on in the smelting oven in soda manufacture.

As a last example to illustrate the inductive method, as applied to technical processes, I may choose the comparatively new art of photography, as some of the processes connected with it have not yet found their explanation.

Photography is chiefly based on two observations, first, that the salts of silver (chloride, bromide, iodide of silver) are blackened by exposure to light, and secondly, that these silver salts, when unaltered by light, are soluble in hyposulphite of soda, so that by means of this substance it becomes possible to separate the blackened from the unblackened silver.

These two facts constituted the starting point for the experiments of Daguerre in Paris, and those of Talbot in London, the latter endeavouring to obtain pictures on paper, the former on copper plates coated with silver.

In Talbot's experiments a picture was obtained by images of the camera obscura, such as of a tower or a house, acting for some time upon paper impregnated or coated with chloride or iodide of silver. Corresponding with the varying intensity of the light, those parts of the paper which were most exposed to it, became darkened in various shades, the shadowed parts remaining comparatively unaltered. The frame of a window, for instance, throws less light upon the paper than its glass panes, and a dark-coloured stone less than a bright one; all dark parts of the objects appeared bright, all bright ones dark; in fact, a so-called negative picture was formed on the paper. By now washing the paper with a

solution of hyposulphite of soda, that part of the silver coating which had not been decomposed by the light, was removed. Had it not been removed, the paper would have been uniformly blackened by the farther action of daylight, and the picture of course would have become obliterated. It was, therefore, by means of the hyposulphite of soda that the picture was *fixed*. The first pictures Talbot obtained were very imperfect; a long-continued action of the light being indispensable for their production, none but thoroughly immovable objects could be portrayed. An improvement in Talbot's mode of proceeding was brought about in a most strange way by experiments of Daguerre. Daguerre exposed his silvered plates to the action of iodine vapours, and in this way coated them with an extremely fine film of iodide of silver; but on these plates no picture was produced in the camera obscura. His experiments carried on for months and varied in manifold ways gave no result. Chance, however, in its most proper sense assisted him. A number of plates he had previously experimented upon in the camera obscura, had been put aside into an old cupboard, and they had remained there for weeks without being further noticed. But one day, in removing one of the plates, Daguerre to his greatest astonishment found on it an image of the most complete distinctness, the smallest details being depicted with perfect fidelity. He had no idea how the picture had come, but he felt sure there must be something in the cupboard which had produced it. The cupboard contained all sorts of things: tools and apparatuses, chemical re-agents, and amongst others a basin filled with metallic mercury. Daguerre now removed one thing after the other from the cupboard, with the exception of the mercury, and still he regularly obtained pictures, if the plates, which had previously been submitted to the action of images in the camera obscura, were allowed to remain for several hours in the cupboard. For a long time the mercury escaped his notice, and it almost appeared to him as if the old cupboard were bewitched. But at last it occurred to him that it must be the mercury to whose influence the pictures were owing. For as a drawing made with a pointed piece of wood on a clean pane of glass, remains invisible even to the most acute sight, but comes to light at once when breathed upon, owing to the condensation of the watery vapour deposited in small drops, taking place in a different manner on the parts touched with the wooden point and those left untouched: just so originated Daguerre's pictures.

Mercury being a volatile substance, the cupboard had become filled with its vapour, and this had deposited itself on the plates in the form of most minute globules in such a way that the parts most illumined were covered most and the shadowed parts less, the result being that the outlines and shades of all objects became distinctly visible. I will not here enter upon the improvements made in regard to the optical apparatus, nor do I wish to detail how one came to fix and make unalterable Daguerre's perishable pictures by depositing on them a thin film of gold; but, returning to the pictures on paper, I still wish to say a few words about



the influence Daguerre's discoveries had in improving the mode of proceeding as adopted by Talbot.

Daguerre had found, that if his prepared plates were exposed to the light, even only for a few seconds, a picture could be obtained by afterwards exposing them to the action of mercurial vapour. As Talbot used for the preparation of his paper the same materials Daguerre had on his plates, he concluded that the exposure of the paper for a few seconds to the action of the light in the camera-obscura must have produced an impression. Talbot was *convinced* there must be a picture on the paper, although he could not see the least trace of one. This *conviction* urged him on to seek something that would make it visible, for he had no doubt such a thing was really to be found.

How, now, came Talbot to use for this purpose a solution of gallic acid?

The solution of this problem most people might be inclined to attribute to chance, as was the case with Daguerre's pictures; but the selection of gallic acid was no chance. Daguerre had not put the basin with mercury into the cupboard for the sake of his experiments; his pictures were obtained without his doing anything for the purpose. Talbot, on the contrary, *searched* after the means suited to his special purpose, and from among many thousands of substances his imagination instinctively excluded all those that stood in no relation to it, and directed him to those which acted in a similar way to light.

The salts of silver are blackened by warmed gallic acid as well as by light; the action of both is identical in kind, but gallic acid is by far the most powerful. The solar rays had, as he thought, produced an action on the prepared paper in the camera, but so slight that it was not visible; perhaps, so he concluded, this action might be continued and *increased* by means of gallic acid. The experiment succeeded, and the justness of the induction was thereby proved.

These examples may suffice to render generally intelligible the nature of induction. It will be seen that for Talbot's and Daguerre's purpose it was quite irrelevant to inquire *how* light and gallic acid act upon silver salts, and *why* silver salts dissolve in hyposulphite of soda.

Persons who are not familiar with the combinations of ideas produced by imagination, will of course not believe in them, and are generally inclined to ascribe every discovery to mere chance, should it even have been arrived at by most ingenious reasoning. Chance has its great share in discoveries, no doubt, just as even the understanding frequently derives the elements for its conclusions from so-called accidental circumstances. But from the circumstance that experimenting must be learned, that it is an art having its rules, and that, to practise it successfully, it is necessary to be acquainted with a great number of facts and phenomena, it becomes evident that it is founded on a peculiar working of the mind in which the understanding participates as spectator, frequently too as adviser and helpmate, but without conducting it, or without that working being dependent on it.

In science as well as in every-day life the operations of the mind are not conducted according to the rules of logic, but we generally take things to be true, and adopt a certain view about an occurrence, or the cause of a phenomenon before proving the correctness of our opinion. One does not arrive at the conclusion by means of syllogism, but the conclusion precedes, and the premises are only afterwards sought out for demonstration. In a conversation about the share which imagination takes in scientific working, one of the most renowned French mathematicians advanced the opinion, that by far the great majority of mathematical truths had not been arrived at by deduction, but by help of the imagination, or empirically, and he maintained this even in regard to the properties of triangles, of the ellipsis, &c. This is as much as to say, that without artistic genius the mathematician can achieve as little as the natural philosopher.

It is a matter of course that for deductive as well as inductive investigations, if they are to be successful, a certain range of knowledge is required; for deductive a thorough knowledge of the laws already known, which can be acquired by the help of books and lectures; for inductive investigations, an extensive acquaintance with the natural phenomena, to be obtained in chemical, physical, and physiological laboratories. As schools, laboratories are, as is well known, of modern origin, and their influence on the development of all departments in any way connected with natural sciences, cannot fail to be noticed by an attentive observer.

The inductive inquirer, for the solution of his problems, must combine acquaintance with natural phenomena; that is, knowledge of the nature and properties of things, with recollection of impressions on the senses, *i.e.*, memory of sight, taste, and smell, and with a certain amount of ability and skill. The more extensive and comprehensive his knowledge of facts and phenomena, the greater, as we express it, his experience, the easier his work becomes to him. One who has experience has to make much fewer experiments than one who has none, and who has first to make himself acquainted with many phenomena which the other is already familiar with. For many purposes, therefore, experiments are unnecessary to the former, the combinations of processes or facts being already known to him. Both the deductive and the inductive inquirer commence the solution of problems in the same way. The one, like the other, starts from a complex idea, pertaining either to the understanding or imagination, of which generally only a part is true, whilst the rest is founded on erroneous conclusions or combinations. The deductive philosopher tests and experiments with ideas to find the truth, just as the inductive inquirer uses impressions on the senses to find the thing of which he is in search: both, by testing and improving, cast off, during their work, their erroneous views, and gradually find what was missing for the completion of that idea with which they commenced their inquiry. Often the idea from which they started is quite wrong, the right one being only developed during the investigation. This is the origin of the opinion of many of the greatest

observers, that working does everything, and that whatever theory stimulates working leads to discoveries.

In deductive inquiries, it is the *conviction* of the correctness of a (conclusional) *idea*, which urges on the inquirer's understanding to exercise its proper function; with the experimentalist, the conviction of the existence of a *thing* is the first and most powerful motive for setting his imagination to work. The discovery of a new fact or reaction, which may be brought in connection with the idea of something hitherto unknown, of something useful and important for industrial purposes or daily life, is sufficient to raise in many individuals the conviction of its existence; and it happens frequently enough that it really is discovered by several contemporaneously.

Reason and fantasy are equally necessary for science; to each of them belongs a certain defined portion of all problems occurring in natural philosophy and chemistry, in medicine and political economy, history and philology, and each occupies a certain space in these respective domains. The portion over which fancy presides is wider and more extensive in the very ratio that the positive knowledge encompassed by the understanding is undefined and vague. What characterizes progress is, that, with the increase of knowledge, those ideas vanish which had their origin in the imagination; and whereas, during the first period of science, fantasy has full sway, it afterwards subordinates itself to the understanding, and becomes its useful and willing servant.

Induction under guidance of the imagination is intuitive and creative, but undefined and boundless; deduction under guidance of the understanding analyzes and limits, and is defined and measured.

What principally characterizes deductive examination in natural sciences is "measure," and the final aim of all its endeavours is to find an unalterable numerical expression for properties of things, processes, and phenomena. Imagination compares and discriminates, but does not measure; for to measure one must have a standard to measure by, and this is a product of the understanding.

When an art is developed into science, the advantage, scarcely enough to be appreciated, is, that the art, as such, with its individual character, is destroyed, being shaped into rules which can be acquired and taught, and through the knowledge of which even the ungifted acquires the power of the most gifted, most skilful, and most experienced practitioner, obtaining his object in the shortest, surest, and most economical way. This is the case in regard to agriculture and medicine, and the different branches of industry. What at first belonged to an individual then becomes the common property of all.

JUSTUS VON LIEBIG.

## My Persecutors.

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It is a prevalent idea that in free and happy England the days have long since passed away in which a man was subjected to persecution on account of his opinions; and I can only say, happy are those whose experience justifies them in entertaining a belief in the truth of this idea—mine does not. Whether it is that my case is an exceptional one, and I have been a “martyr to circumstances,” or, whether the old spirit of persecution is not so thoroughly eradicated from the human heart as is generally supposed, I am not able to determine; all that I know with that absolute certainty which alone justifies a positive and unqualified assertion is, that for some considerable time past I have been persecuted in a manner almost worthy of the good old times, for refusing to be “convinced against my will” that my own opinions upon a subject to which I shall presently refer are utterly erroneous, and those of sundry of my acquaintances infallibly correct. I am well aware that a man with a grievance is a bore and a social nuisance; and even apart from this restraining knowledge, I would not think for a moment of attempting to “ventilate” a mere grievance; for I scorn the idea of crying out about any of those petty annoyances of every-day life which are exaggerated by grumblers until they assume the proportions of a grievance. I am no grievance-monger. I never wrote to the *Times* on the subject of “The Hotel Nuisance,” although I once had to pay a tavern bill for bed and breakfast which in point of extortion surpassed any transaction of the “sixty per-centers” of which I have ever heard or read, and which induced a sporting gentleman who had been charged a like amount for the same accommodation, to tell the proprietor of the tavern, that although he (the sporting man) did not know his (the proprietor’s) exact pedigree, he was confident he was full brother to a robber. So far, indeed, from being a grievance-monger, I may say for myself that I am a particularly long-suffering individual, and have borne, with fortitude or indifference, annoyances that would have driven any person of a less philosophical turn of mind than myself to despair and the police-courts. I have been importuned and abused by garotter-like mendicants, to whom I have given alms instead of handing them over to the police. I have been threatened and derided by the coarsest cabmen, with whose demands (generally about double their legal fare) I have complied, when others would have taken their number and “made an example of them.” I have even been taken before a bench of magistrates upon suspicion of being a burglar; this last decidedly unpleasant event occurring through the stupidity of a policeman, who stopped me as I was leaving my work late one winter night, carrying the implements of my trade, (which certainly have a strong

resemblance to the implements of a house-breaker) in a small bag. Into this bag A 1 insisted upon looking, and laughed to scorn the explanation which I offered to him, saying that I must tell that tale to the natives, and advising me to "come along" quietly, or he would put "the darbies" on me. With this inexorable guardian of the night I accordingly went, and was speedily consigned to a cell in which bed and board were synonymous terms, and from whence I was taken in the morning to be examined by the sitting magistrates, to some of whom I was fortunately known, and was consequently immediately discharged, thus escaping any of the inconveniences arising out of the "law's delays," while my captor, whose mistake was after all a very natural one, was severely censured in open court; one of "the great unpaid" going so far as to stigmatize him as a useless blockhead. These, and as many more of the small ills of life as would fill a volume, I have borne without a murmur, already convinced that "such is life."

Having thus, I trust, sufficiently demonstrated that I *can* "suffer and be strong" under the ordinary annoyances of life, and having incidentally mentioned a few of those annoyances that have fallen to my lot, but of which, be it understood, I do not complain, I will now speak of the persecution of which I *do* complain.

To begin, then, I belong to that portion of the community who are sometimes vaguely and collectively spoken of as "intelligent artizans," and I am engaged in the workshops of a firm who employ about five hundred men.\* Among such a number of working men, it will readily be believed that there are some of almost every degree of intemperance, from the confirmed and frightful-example description of drunkard, to the one who only gets "elevated" upon rare and festive occasions, such as his own or an intimate friend's marriage, or a public banquet, at which he generally insists upon making a speech, proposing a toast, or taking some other active but uncalled-for and unappreciated part in the proceedings. But though it must be admitted that intemperance is but too prevalent a vice among working mechanics, it is by no means a prominent characteristic of the *class*. On the contrary, taken in the aggregate, they are a very temperate body of men, and among them may be found numerous representatives of "total abstinence" in all its extremes and modifications; from the "total abstainer," who has always been one, never having tasted intoxicating drinks, to the sensation-craving, procession-forming, medal-wearing, pledge-signing, and altogether ignoble "teetotaler," who is generally a recently reclaimed drunkard of the worst class, and upon whose continuance in his regenerated state but little reliance can be placed.

Now it is some half-dozen of these rabid sons of abstinence who have become the bane of my existence by their fanatical attempts to induce me

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\* It ought to be stated that this is not a fancy sketch. The writer is really a working man.—ED.

to sign "the pledge." There is a proverb which says that "there's a medium in all things;" but then there is another proverb to the effect that "there is no rule without an exception," and so, despite the dictum laid down in the first of these sayings, it is justifiable to conclude that there are things in which there is *no* medium; and one of them most undoubtedly is, the intolerant spirit with which the disciples of total abstinence seek to enforce their doctrines and practices upon all other members of society. To strive to promote the interests of what you conceive to be a good cause is highly commendable. But to insinuate that those who by reasoning you have failed to convert to *your* opinion will end their career on the gallows or in the madhouse, and that the transition stages to those undesirable consummations will consist of wife-beating, bankruptcy, moral degradation, premature physical decay, and unutterable sottishness, is to show a decided want of that medium which *ought* to characterize discussions of all matters of opinion. And it is this want of medium in the, no doubt, well-meant endeavours of my persecutors to induce me to sign "the pledge" that has converted what might have been a friendly discussion into a harassing persecution. "Well, why won't you sign it?" asks Bodgers (who is the spokesman and chief of my persecutors), in a tone of exasperation, after ineffectually endeavouring to convince me that a person who partakes of malt liquor, however sparingly, is little, if anything better than a murderer. "Come, give us your reasons, if you've got any," persists the indignant Bodgers, greatly disgusted that I do not instantly explain myself. In vain, when thus interrogated, I submissively express my conviction that in its place—that is, applied to incorrigible drunkards, or those who are conscious of a want of self-restraint where intoxicating drinks are concerned—the total abstinence pledge is a most praiseworthy institution. In vain I argue that even strong drinks may have their beneficial uses. In vain I urge that I am a man of temperate habits, that I believe the little drink that I do take does me good, and that even if I found it injured me, or I had any other motive for abstaining from it, I could and would do so without signing any pledge. To hear none of these or the other numerous reasons I bring forward in support of my refusal doth the obdurate Bodgers seriously incline. Moderation, Bodgers sententiously informs me, is the mother of intemperance, and to be good yourself, says the same authority, is not sufficient; you must set the example to others, and try to make them good. "So that, you see, you have not got a leg to stand on," remarks another abstainer. "Oh, he knows he's wrong," observes a third, "only he's too pig-headed to say so." And the rest of my persecutors give it as their joint opinion that "that (the last remark) is about the size of it," and that I would "have my own pig-headed way if a saint (and only to a saint's do they consider Bodgers' eloquence second) were to come and tell me I was wrong."

Day after day am I subjected to attacks of this kind—attacks that, in addition to destroying my peace of mind, are rapidly impairing my



digestion, as they are generally made while I am at dinner, which meal I take, in common with my persecutors and many others, in the dining-room connected with the establishment in which I am employed. To be catechized, to be spoken to, and spoken *at* in this manner is bad enough, but the active part of my persecution is by no means the worst part of it. No! it is when I consider "what manner of men they be" who subject me to this treatment, that my cup of bitterness becomes full. When I remember that the abusive and dogmatic Bodgers of to-day is the same Bodgers who but one short year before was wont to sneak to his work by circuitous routes, in order to avoid the threats and entreaties of a number of publicans to whom he was indebted for drink,—the same Bodgers who met you in the street, and noisily importuned you to "stand a glass," or lend him "the price of a pint," and who loudly, sometimes blasphemously, resented any attempt to remonstrate with him upon his disgraceful conduct: when again I remember that Sturge (who calls me pig-headed) is the same person who a few months ago figured in the local newspapers under the heading of "an old offender," or "Sturge again," and whose case generally appeared at the head of Monday's police intelligence in this style:—"John Sturge, a drunken and dissipated-looking man, well known at this court, was placed at the bar, charged for the —teenth time with being drunk and incapable. Police-constable B 4 deposed to finding the prisoner, &c., &c.—Fined five shillings:" when I remember, I say, that these are the men who assume the part of mentor, and rail not only against intemperance, but also against the moderate use of strong drinks, then I become enraged, threaten to thrash Sturge, and challenge Bodgers to pugilistic combat.

My persecutors were regular attendants at the weekly meetings of a total abstinence society of which they were members; and to these meetings they were constantly alluding in my presence, remarking to each other in a tone of voice loud enough for me to hear, that Jones (myself) ought to have been at "the meeting," and he would have heard something that would have done him good, and suggesting that I would not go to their meetings because I knew that if I did I would hear that which would compel me to alter my opinion on the subject of the pledge. Goaded to desperation by the continual taunts and impertinences of these persecuting abstainers, I at length, in the hope of obtaining peace, entered into a treaty with them; the terms of the treaty (which were proposed by themselves) being, that I was to accompany them to three of their meetings, and if after what I heard and saw at those meetings I still failed to see that it was the duty of every right-thinking person to take the pledge, they would, to use the phrase of one of their number, "give it up for a bad job," and cease to importune me any further upon the subject. To these terms I readily agreed, promising upon my part to weigh, without prejudice or partiality, all that I heard, and that I would not allow any feeling of personal opposition to Bodgers or others to interfere with my judgment. In order that I might not be at a loss to under-

stand the proceedings at these meetings, it would be necessary, Bodgers informed me, for him to explain to me the formation and object of the society. From his explanation I learned that the society consisted of about three hundred members, each of whom paid a small weekly contribution to a fund established for the purpose of rendering pecuniary assistance to any of the members whose case required it. The society had divided the town into twelve districts, the members in each of which were called a life-boat crew, and a captain was appointed over each crew. The duties of a captain were to look after the members in his district, and prevent, as far as lay in his power, any backsliding upon their part, to gain as many proselytes as possible, and to come forward at the weekly meetings of the society, and report upon the state of the crew, and the progress (if any) of "the cause" in the district under his control.

Bodgers, I need scarcely say, was a captain; and as in that capacity he was required upon the platform, he was unable to accompany me to the first of the three meetings, to which I was escorted by Sturge. The business of the meeting was to commence at eight o'clock, and about ten minutes before that hour I arrived at the meeting-house. The instant I entered the room I became painfully aware of the fact that I was regarded as the lion of the evening, for I had scarcely got through the doorway when a most significant murmur pervaded the room, and several loudly whispered expressions of "That's him," "Him with Sturge," "Here he is," and others of a like nature, reached my ears; and I felt that every eye was upon me as I followed Sturge to a seat near the platform. When the excitement caused by my entrance had somewhat abated, I ventured to take a look at the audience who had done me the honour of looking so intently at me, and I am bound to say that the result of my scrutiny was of anything but a gratifying nature. There were about two hundred persons present, and among them some highly respectable-looking individuals; but the predominant characteristic of a great majority of the countenances of the abstainers who formed the audience was dissipation—dissipation of a more or less marked character; and it was an unnecessary proceeding upon the part of the speaker who in the course of the evening addressed the meeting, to assure his hearers that a great number of those present had once been "slaves to drink," as that was to be plainly seen in dozens of cases, and the emancipation of many of them was evidently of a very recent date.

Having finished my survey of the audience, I turned my gaze upon the platform, just in time to witness the entrance of the chairman and captains upon it. The chairman upon this occasion (a fresh one was chosen each evening) was a stout, coarse-looking individual with a very red face, and a profusion of still redder hair. He was attired in a suit of seedy, ill-fitting black, and wore a rather cloudy-looking white neckcloth; and this dress, and the circumstance that his nose was of an unmistakeably "jolly" cast, gave him the appearance of one of the mutes attached to the staff of an economic funeral company. This mutish-looking gentleman, Sturge informed me in a whisper, was Mr. Bidder the furniture-broker

who once nearly killed himself by drinking, for a wager, a pint of raw rum in five minutes, and who, before he signed the pledge, seldom went to bed sober. Advancing to the front of the platform, the chairman, in a severe tone of voice, cried "Silence!" and having obtained silence he then gave out the words of a teetotal hymn, which was sung to the tune of "Ole Virginia Shore," and the burden of which was—

I've done my best, I've done my best, and I cannot do any more,  
But I'll carry the seeds of temperance to every drunkard's door.

The hymn being finished, and a short prayer said, the business of the evening then commenced. Selecting one from a roll of papers that he held in his hand, Mr. Bidder, after again crying "Silence!" and "Order!" proceeded to say that, at the request of a number of the members, the committee of the society had written to that celebrated advocate of total abstinence the Whistling Waggoner, requesting to be informed when he could make it convenient to give one of his entertainments in this town. He now held in his hand the reply of the Waggoner, which was to the effect that he would be able to accommodate them in the course of a fortnight, and they might at once proceed to "bill" him. This announcement was received with great cheering, amid which the chairman sat down. When the applause had subsided, the chairman called out, "Captain of number one lifeboat crew, please to stand forward." In reply to this call, one of "the twelve" left his seat and advanced to the front of the platform, and said that all was going on smoothly in his district, and that the crew of which he had the honour to be captain were one and all steadfast in "the good cause." Captains two, three, and four reported to the same effect, and almost in the same words. This succession of good reports put the audience into quite a happy frame of mind. But human happiness is, alas! but transitory. The report of the fifth captain completely extinguished, for a time at least, the exultation raised by the four previous reports. The woe-begone expression of Number Five's countenance plainly indicated that his report would be of an unfavourable nature, and he evinced great reluctance to face his audience. So slow, indeed, was he in coming to the front that loud cries of "Time," "Toe the mark," "Come up to the scratch," "Go in and win," and other phrases that are only to be found in the vocabulary of "our pugilistic reporter," arose from all parts of the room. Seeing that his hesitation was producing an unfavourable effect upon his auditors, Number Five summoned up his courage, dashed to the front, and abruptly commenced the delivery of his report. His intelligence, he was sorry to say, was of a very disheartening nature. They all knew Finigan, the big Irishman who had joined their society about a month ago (cries of "Yes, yes"). Well, as some of them were probably aware, the committee had a few days since, at his (the captain's) recommendation, advanced the sum of two pounds to Finigan, to enable him to start in business as a greengrocer; but instead of expending the money in vegetables, Finigan had got drunk with it. He had then gone home, turned his mother out of doors, severely

beaten his wife, and attempted to bite a policeman's nose off, for which series of offences he was then undergoing a punishment of a month's imprisonment with hard labour (cries of "Serve him right"). "The worst part of the business," continued the captain, "is that there will be no chance of us ever getting the two pounds back again, and that is what grieves me; for the last party to whom the committee made an advance, upon my recommendation, cheated them out of thirty shillings." This recital of the brutal and ungrateful conduct of Finigan, together with the knowledge of the pecuniary loss sustained by the society in consequence thereof, served to throw a deep gloom over the meeting—a gloom which the ordinarily favourable reports of the next six captains failed to dispel. But all joy had not departed from among them: in the report of the last of the captains was consolation found. The manner of captain number twelve, as he came forward in obedience to the call of the chairman, startled the audience out of the sullen calmness into which they had sunk. There was an elasticity and lightness in his gait, and an expression of cheerfulness and triumph upon his countenance, that would have been a positive insult to his hearers unless accompanied by intelligence of an unusually pleasing character; and, happily for the peace of the meeting, his information was of a nature that fully justified the triumphant manner he assumed in giving it. The reports of the other captains had been made in the briefest possible manner; but Number Twelve, who evidently considered himself an orator, spoke at considerable length. He commenced by observing that "they had all heard some very discouraging intelligence that evening," and then went on to say that "the ungrateful behaviour of some of the individuals whom the society had assisted and befriended was almost enough to deter them from attempting to reclaim or benefit others. But though," he continued, "their kindness to those whom drink had brought to poverty and want was, alas! but too often repaid by the blackest ingratitude, and though their efforts to show the drunkard the error of his way had, in many instances, met with ridicule, scorn, and even blows, yet they could point with pride and pleasure to cases in which their humble endeavours had been productive of good—lasting and permanent good." After giving short biographies of several of the "rescued" persons in whom the society had been the means of effecting "lasting and permanent good," Number Twelve proceeded to inform his hearers that, since their last meeting, a name had been added to the list of "the rescued" that few would have ever thought of seeing there, and he felt sure that when they heard that name they would feel amply compensated for any disappointment they had experienced when they heard of Finigan's case. The person whose name he alluded to—he would use the name by which he was best known to the public—was "Fighting Joe!" The utterance of this name created an immense sensation, and the speaker's voice was lost amid bursts of cheering and cries of "No, no," "It can't be," "He'll break," which arose on all sides. When silence was at length restored, Number Twelve concluded his report, by repeating

most emphatically that, however improbable it might appear to some of them, it was nevertheless true that Fighting Joe had taken the pledge, and he for one firmly believed that he would keep it. The reports of the captains being finished, the chairman again came forward and announced that "one of their most highly-valued members had kindly consented to address them that evening."

The entrance of the "highly-valued member" was the signal for another energetic burst of cheering, which he acknowledged by a bow that showed that that was not *his* first appearance on any stage; on the contrary, as I afterwards learned, he was the crack speaker of the society, and had been specially selected to astonish me. His subject was the "Evils of Moderation," and his discourse soon showed that he had been coached for the occasion by Bodgers. He was evidently bent on converting me by sarcasm, and at each fresh stab that he made at moderation, the abstainers regarded me with glances which said, "as plain as whisper in the ear," How do you like that, my fine fellow? and I could see that it was generally expected that I would show temper under the severe handling of the highly-valued member. In this expectation the disciples of abstinence were, however, doomed to disappointment. I kept my temper perfectly unruffled, which was easy enough to do, since the whole harangue of the speaker was a mere repetition of the proverbs and arguments I had heard from Bodgers scores of times, and they consequently failed either to anger or interest me. The address on the evils of moderation being concluded, and a vote of thanks awarded to the deliverer of it, the chairman dissolved the meeting, and the audience quietly dispersed. Outside of the meeting-house I was joined by Bodgers, who immediately began to try and draw me into a discussion, when I reminded him that one of the conditions of our treaty was, that teetotalism was to be a forbidden subject between us till I had attended the three meetings, but it was not till I had threatened to decline attending the other two meetings that Bodgers relinquished his efforts to "renew the subject."

The next meeting I attended was the one at which the Whistling Waggoner was to give his entertainment. The audience upon this occasion numbered upwards of three hundred, many of the general public being there in addition to the members; the admission this time being by payment, and the ordinary business of the weekly meetings being dispensed with. At the hour appointed for the commencement of the entertainment the Waggoner was ushered on to the platform, and was most enthusiastically received. When the plaudits evoked by his appearance had ceased, the chairman of the meeting introduced him to the audience as "one of the warmest and most able teetotal advocates we have;" and then modestly retired into the background, leaving the warm, able, and whistling advocate of teetotalism the observed of all observers. The Waggoner was, to use the language of my newspaper, "a thick-set and powerful-looking man, somewhat below the middle height," and his plump and sleek appearance testified to his being a good liver. His face was too fleshy to admit of any

expression, while his eyes were so small and so deeply sunk in his head as to preclude the possibility of catching their expression if they had any. His "get up" was a decided attempt at the clerical, and an equally decided failure: his whole appearance and manner being too suggestive of the waiter at one of those Gravesend establishments that supply tea and shrimps for ninepence.

The Waggoner's entertainment, of course, embraced the usual unauthenticated statistics, stock anecdotes, and pieces of clap-trap oratory of the professional teetotal lecturers. Drink once more destroyed its sixty thousand victims annually, slew more than the sword, filled our prisons and workhouses, our hospitals and asylums, and caused all our disease and poverty; and, in a word, drink was held up as the origin of "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and the great bar to human happiness here below. The old stone-breaker who drank ale in the summer to cool him, and in the winter to warm him, was again brought forward. The man who boasted that he had drank his bottle of port every day for forty years was again silenced by being asked, "Where are all your companions?" and the prisoner in the condemned cell, when asked what brought him there again, exclaimed, "Drink! drink!" "The first fatal glass" was descanted upon at considerable length; and it was, of course, implied that all who took that glass ultimately came to poverty and grief, and were fortunate if they escaped penal servitude or the madhouse.

The only original feature in the entertainment was the introduction of a number of teetotal songs, which were very well sung by the Waggoner, who possessed a good though uncultivated voice. These "songs of teetotalism" were of a wretchedly doggerel character. Compared with them, even "The Perfect Cure" would have appeared a sensible and elegant composition; however, they seemed to please the audience, who joined lustily in the chorus of the two entitled "I'll Drink Cold Water" and "No Alcohol for Me." At the termination of the entertainment, thanks to the crush at the door, I managed to elude Bodgers, who I knew would want to "renew the subject," and I had already had more than enough of it for one evening.

As there was no immediate prospect of another professional teetotal advocate visiting the town, it was agreed that I should attend the next ordinary meeting of the society, more by way of fulfilling the terms of the treaty into which I had entered than from any hope my persecutors now had of influencing my opinions; for when I informed them that the lecture of the Waggoner had in no way altered my views upon the subject of the pledge, they seemed to abandon all hope of my conversion. The chairman at this, the last of the three meetings "nominated in the bond," was no other than Sturge, who performed his duties in a highly creditable manner. The captains, with one exception, were all there, and each reported that all was well in his district. The absent captain was Number Twelve, who was unable to attend, owing to the effects of a severe thrashing he had received from Fighting Joe. Joe, as we learned from the statement of



the chairman, having, in addition to breaking the pledge, broken the nose of, and otherwise maltreated, the unfortunate captain of number twelve lifeboat crew. Joe, it appeared, had gone to the races, and was returning from them in a state of intoxication, when he was met by the captain, who taunted him with having so soon broken his promise; whereupon Joe instantly assaulted him in the manner described by the chairman. After the reports had been delivered and the absence of Number Twelve accounted for, a number of the members came upon the platform, to give an account of their "rescue," or speak of their "experiences." Some of them had taken the pledge because their friends had promised to pay their debts, procure them employment, or confer some other benefit upon them if they would do so; others for the purpose of saving money; and some for special reasons affecting only their particular cases: one man assigning the novel reason that he had been stung by the ingratitude of a publican whose house he had been in the habit of frequenting, in refusing to support him and his wife and family when he was out of work: nor did it seem to occur to him that the baker with whom he had been in the habit of dealing would probably have acted in the same ungrateful manner.

The experiences were as various as the reasons for taking the pledge. Some of the speakers had "for years been drunk every night," others had been in the habit of spending the greater portion of their earnings in the public-house, and, on some occasions, the whole of their week's wages had been consumed in the payment of the past week's "shot" and a Saturday night's "spree." Some had lost good situations through their habits of intoxication, and one villanous-looking character gleefully informed his hearers that he used to get drunk every Saturday night, and then go home and "whop" his wife, and smash the crockery; and, to judge by his countenance, he seemed capable of doing even worse things. The last of the speakers, after observing that for many years he had scarcely ever had a decent rag to his back, and was often without food, "all through drink," proceeded to dilate upon the fruits of teetotalism: the fruits in his case being, to use his own words, "this slap-up suit of black and this watch—" pulling the latter article out of his pocket. He entered into a detailed account of the manner in which he had accumulated the money to purchase the clothes and watch with, told the price of each separate article and the cost of the whole, turned his back to the audience to enable them to obtain a back view of the coat, exclaiming at the same time, "There's the fruits of teetotalism for you," and concluded a somewhat lengthy and perfectly idiotical address by holding the watch above his head and shouting, "Who wouldn't be a teetotaler?"

Some of these speakers had, according to their own confession, broken the pledge two, three, and one of them even five times; but the most painful part of this disgraceful exhibition was the absence of shame with which these men paraded the disgusting and brutal episodes of their lives before their fellow-men. That such men as these should be brought from a state of habitual and degrading drunkenness to one of total

abstinence from intoxicating drinks is a great blessing, not only to themselves but to society at large, and those who bring about the reformation of such men are justly regarded as benefactors of their race. But that such men, while the stamp of their bestial habits is yet uneffaced from their countenances, should inveigh against the moderate use of the stimulants which they had so grossly abused, is a most impudent proceeding, and one that tends to bring contempt upon the (in its proper sphere, the reclamation of habitual drunkards) truly Christian cause of teetotalism. And even in the case of those conscientious teetotalers who have never been drunkards, and those who, by years of unswerving consistency in their reformed habits, have earned the right to advocate the cause they profess, I think it an ill-advised proceeding to try to *force* their doctrines upon those who are and always have been of temperate habits, more especially as there is so extensive a field for their labours in weaning men from the curse of drunkenness.

On the morning after this last meeting my persecutors again made an attack upon me. One of them began by asking me if I still intended to "be stupid," and on my replying that I did not intend to take the pledge, Sturge reminded them that he had told them that I would have my own pig-headed way. Bodgers, however, upon this occasion came to my rescue, and commanded "those of his inclining" to hold their noise while he and Jones reasoned the matter over. Bodgers' reasoning and arguments would have been very good had they been applied to a drunkard, but they were not at all applicable to my case, as Bodgers himself and even the most fanatical of his admirers was perfectly willing to admit that I never got drunk, never spent my evenings in a public-house, never neglected any duty for the sake of drink, and that I certainly was a temperate man. "Still," urged Bodgers, "you ought to take the pledge, for you are not sure that you will always be able to remain the same moderate man that you now are, and, even if you are, you will still be doing a great injury to the cause of teetotalism, for unreflecting drunkards will point to such as you as a proof that drink may be taken without any evil resulting from it. But that evil will come of it," concluded Bodgers, emphatically, "is as sure as that eggs are eggs." Although Bodgers spoke with greater sense and moderation upon this occasion than he had ever done before, his eloquence was unavailing, and the result of our discussion was that I told him respectfully but firmly, that I must positively, and once for all, decline joining a body of men who wore medals, formed processions, and otherwise took credit to themselves for simply doing what was the duty of every man, namely, keeping sober. This decision by no means pleased my persecutors, who, despite the terms of our treaty, immediately renewed and have since continued their persecution of me.

A year has passed since I attended the last of the three teetotal meetings, and though during that time Bodgers has returned to his "former habits," and now exercises his persuasive eloquence in inducing reluctant landlords to give him credit for "just another pot," and negotiating loans

for "the price of a pint," and Sturge has several times made his appearance at the police-court on the old familiar charge of being "drunk and incapable," those of my persecutors who have remained true to "the good cause," and the more recently "rescued" individuals who have joined their ranks, continue their persecuting effort with unabated fierceness. And they joyfully look forward to that teetotalers' millennium (which, with the fatuity peculiar to bigots and fanatics, they assert to be near at hand) when the Permissive Bill shall reign supreme. And that bill once made law, they cheerfully assure me I must be prepared to bid a long farewell to that glass of XX which, in the summer months, is often the only thing that gives me an appetite for the solid food which, from the hot and laborious nature of my daily employment, I stand in need of, or which enables me to continue at my work when, from the effects of the combined heat of a July sun and a large blacksmith's shop, I am unable to take a sufficient quantity of food. My persecutors suggest dinner pills as a substitute for porter; but I have an extreme aversion to drugs under any circumstances, and certainly shall not take them while so pleasant a black draught as bottled stout has "the desired effect." They also bring forward a number of total abstinence theories to show that it *cannot* be the stout or pale ale that I drink which does me so much good, because (according to their theories) all alcoholic drinks are injurious to health. As not only doctors, but theorists also, disagree upon this question, I shall not attempt to decide it. But I may observe, as a matter of fact, that I enjoy as good health as any teetotaler that I have ever met, and better health than the majority of them; though this may be because the constitutions of many of them are impaired through early excesses or illness, consequent upon a sudden transition from a state of chronic drunkenness to one of total abstinence. And I have invariably noticed that among working men, those who drink from half-a-pint to a pint of ale or porter with their mid-day meal, but who rarely touch stimulating drinks at other times, require a less quantity of solid food than teetotalers. The appetite of a teetotaler often borders on the voracious, and the quantity of bread that some of them eat is "a caution." This great appetite is one of their proudest boasts, but in my opinion it is a mistaken one, for sick-headaches and the numerous other complaints arising from indigestion, prevail to a marked extent among the teetotalers in the working classes, and the feeling of excessive repletion caused by their inordinate meals often interferes materially with their activity and capability of enduring fatigue.

To conclude, then, my persecutors lead me a terrible life still, but they do not have matters all their own way, for when one of them "breaks out," or when I can show them the newspaper containing an account of an additional appearance upon the part of Sturge at the police-court, or inform them that the landlord of the "Lame Duck" is waiting outside the workshop-gate to effect the capture of Bodgers, against whom he has "a long chalk," I have my hour of triumph.

## Benvenuto Cellini.

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No name in the history of Italian art is more renowned than that of Benvenuto Cellini. Yet this can hardly be attributed to the value of his works; for though, while he lived, he was the greatest goldsmith of his time, an excellent musician, a poet, a skilled medallist, and an admirable statuary, yet few of his many masterpieces survive. The gold and silver ornaments which bear his name are only in some rare instances genuine; and the bronze Perseus, which still stands in the Loggia dei Lanzi at Florence, alone remains to show how high he ranked among the later Italian sculptors. In one respect, however, he commands our interest more particularly than any of his fellow-workers in the field of art. He left behind him at his death a full and graphic picture of his long and stormy life. It is probably to this circumstance that he owes his great celebrity. The vigorous and vivid style of this autobiography, its intense individuality, the variety of its incidents, and the amount of information it contains, place it high both as a life romance and also as a work on art. One might fancy that Lesage and Fielding had made this book a pattern for their novels. Parini and Tiraboschi unite in esteeming it the most delightful book in the whole range of Italian letters, and Walpole called it "more amusing than any novel." On the other hand it presents to us an admirable picture of an artist's real life in the sixteenth century at Rome, Paris, and Florence. Cellini represents his century, embodying its genius in his writings, in his actions, and in his art; his life was inextricably involved with that of some of the most distinguished men of his age; his works are national, and serve to illustrate the principles of taste and fashion then in vogue. He was essentially an Italian of the Cinque-Cento period. His passions were the passions of his countrymen; his errors were the errors of his time; his eccentricities were the eccentricities of the Renaissance. Of course we do not mean that all Italian artists were like Cellini, or deny that he, as an individual, would have been remarkable for violence of passion in any age; but what we read of popes and princes in Burchard and Guicciardini, or of painters in Vasari's *Lives*, makes us sure that Cellini could not have been looked upon by his cotemporaries as a monster of iniquity, or even as an exceptionally profligate person. The fact is that his fellow-citizens held him in high esteem, and buried him with public ceremonies. He wrote the memoirs which excite our astonishment in the leisure of his age, and gave them to his friends to read without expressing shame. Even Vasari, who was personally on bad terms with him, gives witness that he "always showed himself a man of great spirit and vivacity, bold, active, enterprising, and formidable to his enemies; a man, in short, who knew as well how to speak to princes as to exert himself in his art." Therefore, when we read the long list of

crimes which he has complacently recorded in his life, we must remember that the standard of morality has changed in Europe, and that one we call a desperate bravo passed then for a man of courage and ability.

Cellini was born of a good family at Florence, on the night of All Saints' day in 1500, and was called Benvenuto to record his parents' joy at having a son. His father, who seems to have been a man of taste and cultivation, wished to make him a musician; and Cellini in consequence for some years played the flute attentively, but much against his will. He showed a decided preference for the art of design, and at the age of fifteen engaged himself to a goldsmith called Marccone. This gave old Giovanni Cellini some annoyance; but Benvenuto, like a dutiful son, continued to play to his father in the intervals of business, upon the hated flute and horn. While engaged in the workshop of Marccone, Benvenuto got into a scrape, and had to fly from Florence for a time. He travelled about, visiting Siena, Bologna, and Pisa, and working assiduously in the shops of goldsmiths. It must not be thought that this education was a mean one for so great an artist. Painting and sculpture in Italy were looked upon far more as trades than we are wont to consider them. The artist had his "bottega" or shop just as much as the cobbler or the blacksmith, and an apprenticeship to goldsmiths' work was considered in Florence an almost indispensable commencement of a great career. Brunelleschi, Botticelli, Verocchio, Ghiberti, Pollajuolo, and Luca della Robbia, all underwent this preliminary training before they embarked upon the higher arts. It has been well observed that the goldsmith's art is an epitome of all the arts of design. A French writer on archæology points out the intimate connection between the work of the architect and of the goldsmith in mediæval cathedrals, the one attempting to represent the infinite magnitude of Nature, the other to follow her through all the details of her beauty. As the goldsmith's art was understood in Florence, it embraced a knowledge of painting, sculpture, and architecture. It required the greatest patience of execution and delicacy of design. It forced the student, from an early age, to deal with the actual materials of his art; so that later on in life he was not tempted to leave, as modern artists do, a portion of his work to journeymen and hirelings. No labour seemed too minute, no metal was too mean, for the exercise of his skill and inventive powers. Art ennobled all that he was called upon to do, whether cardinals required him to make them silver vases for their dinner tables; or ladies came to get their jewels set; or knights sent sword-blades to be mounted; or kings desired new palaces with statues, gates, and fountains in their courts; or poets asked to have their portraits cast in bronze; or grand dukes needed medals to commemorate their victories; or popes and bishops wished to place carved reliquaries on the altars of their patron saints; or men of fashion ordered medallions of Leda and Adonis to wear upon their necks or in their hair. All these branches of art men like Cellini practised, and they gave the same amount of conscientious toil to each. The consequence was that at the time of the Renaissance every-

thing was picturesque or beautiful. Furniture, clothes, plate, houses, and jewels, were alike the subjects of true art.

At the end of about a year Benvenuto returned to Florence, and began to study the cartoons of Michael Angelo, for whom he had the greatest admiration. He must already have acquired considerable reputation as a craftsman, for about this time Torrigiani invited him to go to England and enter the service of Henry VIII. This irascible and envious artist gained celebrity by breaking Michael Angelo's nose while studying with him in the Chapel of the Carmine at Florence. Seeing Benvenuto at work upon Michael Angelo's designs he told him the story of this youthful exploit. "His words," says Cellini, "raised in me such a hatred of the fellow, that far from wishing to accompany him to England, I could not bear to look at him." One of the best points in Cellini's character was his profound and reverential love for Michael Angelo. He calls him "il divino Michel agnolo," and speaks about "la bella maniera" of the mighty sculptor, readily acknowledging his superiority, although he thought no other artist fit to hold a candle to himself. Every word of commendation he received from Michael Angelo was treasured up and carefully recorded, nor could he find a better climax for the hyperbolic praises which he lavished on his own statue of Perseus, than by saying that Michael Angelo could scarcely have surpassed it. We may conceive, therefore, that he bore no love to Torrigiani, and did not care to swell the list of recruits whom that artist was beating up among the young men of ability at Florence. Besides, the idea of travelling to England and spending some years among the barbarous islanders—"questi diavoli. . . quelle bestie di quegli Inglesi," as he calls them—was repugnant to a Florentine.

Instead of leaving for England; Cellini, having quarrelled with his father about his flute-playing, sauntered out one day toward the gate of San Piero Gattalini. There he met a friend called Tasso, who had also quarrelled with his parents, and the two boys agreed to trudge away to Rome. "My good friend, Tasso," said Cellini, "it is the work of God that we have reached this gate without our own intention: now, since I have come so far, I seem to have done half the journey." So the boys walked on, wondering as they went "what will the old folks say to-night?" but settling not to think of that until they reached Rome. Cellini found employment there and stayed two years. At the expiration of this time he returned to Florence, but soon involved himself in a quarrel and stabbed a young man called Guasconti, for which offence he was again obliged to fly to Rome. These frays recur continually among the adventures which Cellini has recorded in his life. He says that he was "naturally somewhat choleric," and describes the access of his anger as a sort of fever, lasting sometimes for days, preventing him from taking food or sleep, making his blood boil, inflaming his eyes, and never suffering him to rest until he had revenged himself by murder or at least by blows. We have, by an effort, to recall the state of public morality at that time in Europe, in order to understand how Cellini can talk with unconcern



and even self-complacency of his homicides. In a sonnet to Bandinelli, he compares his victims with the mangled statues of that bad sculptor, much to his own satisfaction.

De vivi ho percosso io ; vi molti sossi  
Tracassati e distrutti ; qual si rede  
Biammo a voi : è mia cuopre la terra.

Nor does he speak with any shame of the savage treatment which he inflicted on a woman who sat to him as a model and whom he hauled up and down his room by the hair of her head. It is true that on this occasion he regrets having in a moment of blind fury spoiled two of the best arms which he had ever drawn from. He records with triumph acts of spite which we should blush to think of—stabs in the dark, and such a piece of revenge as cutting several beds to bits in the house of an innkeeper who had offended him. His truculency and bullying were past description. When any one opposed him in his schemes or entered into competition with him as an artist, he instantly swaggered up with hand on hilt and said he would run him through the body if he did not mind his business. This furious temper led him into a thousand diverting scrapes which he records with admirable gravity and humour. At the same time he is thoroughly contented with himself, and attributes the success of his own violence in subduing and maltreating people to the providence of God. "I do not write this narrative," he says, "from a motive of vanity, but merely to return thanks to God who has extricated me out of so many trials and difficulties; who likewise delivers me from those that daily impend over me. Upon all occasions I pay my devotions to him; call upon him as my defender and recommend myself to his care. I always exert my utmost efforts to extricate myself; but when I am quite at a loss, and all my powers fail me, then the force of the deity displays itself—that formidable force which, unexpectedly, strikes those who wrong and oppress others, and neglect the great and honourable duty which God has enjoined on them." We shall have occasion later on to discuss his religious opinions, but here it may be remarked that the feeling of this passage is thoroughly genuine and consistent with the spirit of the times. Men took a pride in the indulgence of their passions, and thought violence a virtue, so long as they refrained from treachery and acts of cowardice. Cellini almost cried with mortification on one occasion when he had to tell a lie, but he boasts of at least one deliberate murder, and would rather hack a man to pieces than pass by a taunt in silence. This temper explains much that seems to us exaggerated in the dramatic literature of the day. Bloodshed and ungovernable passions were familiar in the daily course of life. From the date of his second visit to Rome, Cellini's life divides itself into three marked periods—the first spent in the service of Pope Clement the Seventh, the next in Paris at the Court of Francis, and the third at Florence under Cosimo de Medici. On arriving in Rome his extraordinary abilities soon brought him into notice at the Papal Court. The Chigi family, the Bishop of Salamanca, and the Pope himself, employed

him to make various ornaments and pieces of plate. In consequence of a dream in which his father appeared and warned him to recommence the study of music, he entered the pope's service as a flutist. This bugbear of music followed him until his father's death, and then we hear no more of it. He spent his time to his own satisfaction: drawing the Roman ruins, shooting pigeons, quarrelling, fighting duels, defending his shop against the attacks of robbers, beating Moorish pirates on the shore by Cerveterra, and constantly producing some *chef d'œuvre* in gold or silver. A little incident which he describes at length enables us to see the life of artists at this period. He tells us that there was at Rome a society of painters and sculptors, among whom were numbered Giulio Romano and other scholars of Raphael. These men met twice a week to sup together, and to spend some hours in the enjoyment of music and in reading out the sonnets which they had composed. Cellini on one occasion dressed up a youth called Diego as a woman, and took him to this meeting, which he describes as being of the most splendid description.

It may not here be out of place to remark how entirely the artists of the Renaissance were absorbed in their admiration for corporeal beauty. Art and life were alike to them one perpetual enjoyment of the sense, untroubled by reflection, and unidealized by striving after lofty aims. Michael Angelo alone is an exception to this remark. He, like Milton, was "a star, and dwelt apart." But the great Venetian and Roman masters simply loved and painted what was splendid and luxurious in the open world around them. Where we require expression and intellectual significance they were content with finely-developed muscles, youth, activity, and loveliness of form. The habits of the day, voluptuous yet hardy, fostered this development of art. Men cultivated their bodies more carefully than their minds, and had no Puritanical reserve about the pleasure they derived from their senses. The asceticism of the Middle Ages, which regarded the body as an object of shame and pity, had expired, giving place to the classical admiration of pure form. Images, and not ideas, prevailed in art. Men were educated by their senses only, and they sought to express the most abstract conceptions—such as resurrection, judgment, heaven and hell—by harmonious arrangements of the human person. In this respect the Italians resembled the Athenians. We all know what reverence the Greeks felt for beauty, how their philosophers considered it synonymous with goodness, and how in their statues they sacrificed intensity of expression to melody and grace. It is said that Philippus a young warrior in the train of Darius, was worshipped by the Egæans for the beauty of his form. And Herodotus mentions Callicrates, a Spartan youth, among the heroes of Plataea, not for his valour, but simply because he was the most distinguished Greek for beauty. Vasari relates similar anecdotes about the painters of his day which illustrate this characteristic of the Renaissance. Luca Signorelli, for instance, had a son of beautiful features and person. He died by an accident, whereupon Luca stripped his body and painted

the naked boy as a memorial of his beauty, and to satisfy his longing love. This to our mind is a curious mode of solacing paternal grief. But the body seemed to Luca something sacred, and an object of veneration for its loveliness. Acting under the same feeling, Michael Angelo introduced a group of naked men into his picture of the "Holy Family" at Florence, though they have nothing to do with the subject, thinking them an ornament worthy in themselves to grace religion. It is well known how deeply attached both he and Leonardo were to persons of great beauty. We are told that the latter would follow such for a whole day, in order to drink in the harmonies of the human form. But, unfortunately, this passionate love of beauty was not connected with any genuine veneration for nature, such as the Hellenic worship engendered. Moreover, it rose up as an antagonistic principle to that religion which had animated early Italian art. And so, in course of time it degenerated into mere sensuality, and the most unmeaning mannerism. Art became a skilful selection of beautiful forms. It wholly lost its Christian character, and failed to inspire classic subjects with real life. In Cellini's days a handsome youth upon a pedestal was what an artist called a god. And Cellini was the last of the Grecians in sculpture. What he says of Paulino who "smiled in so graceful and affecting a manner that I am not surprised at Greek fables about the gods," of Cencio, of Faustina, and of Angelica, proves him to have been most susceptible to the charms of physical beauty. Yet he has not animated his Perseus, his Ganymede, or his personification of Fontainebleau with a vestige of intellectual or moral loveliness. The vacancy of expression which pervades their "faultily faultless" features, proves the depth of degradation to which art had sunk.

But to return to the narrative. The real sex of Diego was of course disclosed, and Benvenuto incurred the bitter animosity of one of the women present at this supper. This led him into a quarrel with Luigi Pulci, in which the dagger, as usual, played a great part. During the summer of 1527, Rome was besieged and occupied by the Imperial army. The Pope took refuge in the castle of St. Angelo, and there held out against his Spanish and German foes. Cellini, as is well known, lays claim to having shot the Duke of Bourbon dead with his own hand, and wounded the Prince of Orange. It is certain that he was an expert marksman, and that he did the Pope good service by directing the artillery of St. Angelo. One of the most interesting and animated portions of his autobiography is occupied with an account of these exploits in the castle. If we were to give credit to all his assertions, we should believe that the Pope regarded him as generalissimo of his forces, and that nothing memorable happened without his intervention. But Cellini's whole life, in his own opinion, was a miracle. The very hailstones which fell upon his head could not be grasped in both hands. His gun and powder brought down birds which no one else could reach. His hairbreadth escapes, his prowess, his dexterity, the antiquity of his family, the egregious praises conferred upon him by his friends, the confusion of

his foes, are never-ending themes for his huge self-conceit. While desiring to be sincere, and certainly most circumstantial in his details, there is no doubt that he unconsciously exaggerated everything that concerned himself. During the siege he says:—"My drawing, my studies of the beautiful, and my excellent musical accomplishments, were all stunned by the noise of the artillery." When it was over he paid a visit to Florence, and there found that his father and some other relatives had died of the plague. His brother Cecchino, however, and his sister Liperata had survived. With them he spent a pleasant evening, for Liperata "having for a while lamented her father, her sister, her husband, and a little son that she had been deprived of, went to prepare supper, and during the rest of the evening there was not a word more spoken of the dead, but much about weddings. Thus we supped together with the greatest cheerfulness and satisfaction imaginable." In these sentences we do not read the avowal of any particular hard-heartedness, but only the careless familiarity with loss and danger which war, famine, and plague had engendered in the men of that time. Cellini gladly risked his life in a quarrel for any one of his friends, but he would not sadden the present by reflecting on inevitable accidents. This volatile temper pervades the whole of his character. His affections were strong, but very fleeting. It would be hard to enumerate all the love affairs of different kinds to which he incidentally alludes. Yet the one serious passion he describes made him miserable for only a few days. His mistress ran away and left him "on the point of losing his senses or dying of grief." Yet two months after we find him "indulging in pleasures of all sorts, and engaged in another amour to cancel the memory of the Sicilian." Nor does this argue in him an insensibility to the duties of life. On hearing of the death of his first son, "the excess of grief quite disconcerted and confounded" him; and when his sister was left a widow with six children, he took them all into his house without even bragging about what after all appears to have been the best action of his life. Not long after this visit to Florence, his brother Cecchino was murdered by a musketeer at Rome. Cellini, after nursing his revenge, went out one evening, stole upon the murderer, and stabbed him in the back. He left his dagger in the nape of his victim's neck, and retired for refuge to the house of the Duke Alessandro. The whole matter reached the ear of the Pope, for whom Cellini was at work on some Crown jewels. The Pope sent for him, and simply said, "Now that you have recovered your health, Benvenuto, take care of yourself." This shows how little they thought of homicide in Rome.

An old fisherman, when questioned about the murder of the Duke of Gandia, said that he had seen more than a hundred bodies thrown into the Tiber on different nights, at the same place, and never troubled himself about one more than another. If you killed a man, you had to seek some powerful protector, and avoid your victim's relatives. When Cellini, a short time after this occurrence, stabbed his enemy Pompeo, two cardinals

were anxious to screen him from pursuit, and fought among themselves for the privilege of harbouring so talented a criminal. The Pope, with marvellous good humour, observed, "I never heard of the death of Pompeo, but often of Benvenuto's provocation. So let a safe conduct be instantly made out, and that will secure him from all manner of danger." Some one ventured to insinuate that this was dangerous policy; but the Pope put him down by saying, "You do not understand these matters. I must inform you that men who are masters of their profession, like Benvenuto, should not be subject to the laws." Indeed, the laws seem altogether to have been a mere *brutum fulmen*. Cellini, when he was poisoned by a parish priest at Florence, never thought of suing him for the wrong which he had done; and in the case of his own murders he only dreaded retaliation. Once, and only once, the civil arm came down upon him, when the city guard attempted to arrest him for the murder of Pompeo. But he beat them off with swords and sticks; and, after all, it appeared that they had only been acting at the instigation of a duke whom Cellini had offended.

During this period of his residence at Rome, Cellini witnessed an incantation conducted in the Colosseum by a priest of Sicily. His description of this incident is one of the most powerfully written passages of his memoirs. The conjuror and Cellini, accompanied by two friends of his, and by a boy who was to act as a kind of medium, went by night to the amphitheatre. The magic circle was prepared: fires were lighted, and perfumes scattered on the flames. The necromancer began his charms, calling, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, on the leaders of the infernal legions to appear. Immediately the whole amphitheatre was filled with troops of phantoms, surging up on every side, rushing downwards from the galleries, issuing from subterranean caverns, and making hideous signs of fury. All the party were thrown into consternation, except Cellini, who, though terribly afraid, kept up the fainting spirits of the rest. At last, the conjuror summoned courage enough to ask the demons when Cellini might hope to be restored to his lost love Angelica. They answered—how we are not told—that he would find her ere another month had passed away. Then they redoubled their attacks; the necromancer said the danger was most imminent; and morning broke upon them cold with fear. In order to understand the full effect of this scene, we must remember how profoundly even the most scientific men believed in magic at that time, and how the spirits of the dead were thought to haunt deserted ruins. The magnitude of the Colosseum, the mystery of its origin, and the terrible uses to which it had been put in Roman days, invested it with peculiar superstitious horror. It was believed that when it fell Rome would perish and the world would end. Robbers haunted its huge caves. Rubbish and dead weeds choked up its passages. Sickly trees grew among the porches, and the moon peered through the windows of its galleries. Nor had the palaces of the Farnese and the Barberini yet been built up from its ruins. It was even more gigantic then than it is now. Place the necromancers and their fire in the centre of this space. Let the wind sweep clouds

across a stormy sky, and moan among the lairs from which the wild beasts used to rush. Fancy the priest's muttered spells, the sacred names which he pronounced in his unholy rites, the shuddering horror of the conscience-stricken accomplices, and Cellini with defiant mien but quailing heart—and we can believe he saw more than the amphitheatre contained.

It has been conjectured that the phantoms were projected by the conjuror from a magic lantern on the smoke that issued from his heaps of blazing wood. These volumes of vapour, agitated by the wind, and rolling upward in thick spiral, were well fitted to reflect the images thrown upon them from a lantern, and to show them as receding and approaching, and varying in number and in shape. Whatever was their cause, Cellini certainly believed in their reality. Indeed he was not at all above the superstitions of his day. He describes a salamander, which his father showed him, "living and enjoying itself in the hottest flames;" and he relates with detail how a light appeared above his own head, and might be constantly observed by those to whom he chose to show the marvel. There were, however, he continues, with mysterious gravity, not very many to whom he had disclosed the fact.

The next four years were spent by Cellini at Rome. He took one journey to Venice, and was laid up for a long time on his return by a severe attack of the terrible disease which then was ravaging Europe, attacking kings and cardinals, and puzzling physicians. In April, 1527, having quarrelled with the Pope, he set out for France with two of his workmen. They passed through Florence, Bologna, Venice, and Padua, and crossed the Grisons by the Bernina and the Albula. Cellini says nothing about the journey till he reaches the Lake of Wallenstadt, on which he was nearly wrecked. He must have gone through some of the most romantic scenery of Switzerland at the best time of the year. Yet not a word escapes him of the beauty of the mountains or the flowers, or about the wonder of the glaciers which he saw for the first time. Mountains to Italians of the sixteenth century, as to the ancient Greeks and Romans, were simply horrible, repellent from their height and cold, and gloom and solitude and danger. The pleasure which we derive from contemplating savage grandeur was unknown to them. On the Lake of Wallenstadt Cellini met with a party of Germans whom he cordially hated. The Italians embarked in one boat and the Germans in another, Cellini being under the impression that the German lakes would not be so likely to drown him as those of his own country. However, when a storm came on, he got into a fright, and went on shore as soon as possible, disembarking his horses and luggage at the foot of a steep pass, and scrambling up with the greatest difficulty. "Those devils of Germans," as he calls them, went on merrily in front, and fell to drinking hard when they had reached their inn. That night he passed in a village where he "heard the watch sing at all hours very agreeably, and as the houses were of wood, he was constantly bidding them take care of their fires." Next day they arrived at Zurich, "a fine city which may be compared to a jewel for



lustre." This remark is true, and shows that Cellini was not dead to the beauty of Swiss towns, though he disliked their mountains. In course of time he reached Paris, and was introduced to Francis. But falling ill and feeling restless, he returned to Italy by the Simplon. When he reached Rome he was arrested by the order of Pope Paul the Third, and thrown into the dungeons of St. Angelo. Cellini had been so unlucky as to incur the hatred of Pier Luigi Farnese, the Pope's natural son, who, hearing a rumour of Cellini's having stolen some crown jewels during the pontificate of Clement, induced his father to imprison him. The ground of suspicion was this :—Cellini, during the siege of Rome, had been employed by Clement to melt down the tiaras and papal ornaments, in order that Clement, when he escaped to Orvieto, might secure them easily. He did so, and confessed to having stolen part of the setting of these jewels; for which crime Clement gave him absolution. The Farnese, however, believed that he had stolen and concealed a vast amount of gold, which Pier Luigi was determined to recover, and at all events to wreak his fury on a victim he detested. On being arrested, Cellini called heaven and earth to witness that he was innocent, and thanked his stars he had "the happiness not to be confined for any criminal excess of passion, as generally happens to young men." Whereupon "the brute of a governor interrupted me, and said, 'Yet you have killed men enough in your time.'" We cannot but think that this remark was very pertinent, but it provoked a torrent of abuse and a long enumeration of his services from the virtuous Cellini. His account of this imprisonment, and of the hypochondriacal governor who thought that he was a bat, and used to flap his arms and squeak when night was coming on, is very entertaining. So also is the minute description of his escape from the castle. In climbing over the last wall Cellini fell and broke his leg, and was carried by a poor waterman to the palace of the Cardinal Cornaro. Cornaro promised to protect him, but eventually exchanged him for a bishopric. This remarkable proceeding illustrates the manners of the Papal Court. Cornaro wanted a see for one of his servants, and the Pope wished to get a man he hated once more into his power. So the two ecclesiastics bargained together, and by mutual kind offices attained their ends. Poor Cellini, with his broken leg, went back to languish in the prison. He found the mad governor enraged with him because he had "flown away," and had eluded his bat's wings and eyes. So he was treated with more than usual rigour. At first a dread possessed him of being flayed alive, for he found himself incarcerated in a kind of condemned cell. It happened, however, through the intercession of a lady who befriended him, that the Pope renounced his intention of putting Cellini to so infamous a death. But other enemies were at work, and the dust of a pounded jewel was mixed up with his food to poison him. Cellini, knowing the properties of stones, and perceiving the broken crystals among the remnants of a salad he had eaten, examined them attentively, and found to his joy that they were not of a sufficiently hard

kind to cause his death. These two escapes from destruction sobered his mind. His broken leg caused him acute anguish. He was placed in a dungeon below ground, where the preacher Fojano had been starved to death. The floor was dank, and infested with tarantulas and other reptiles. A few reflected sunbeams, for two hours in the afternoon, was all the light that entered through a little aperture. Here Cellini lay alone, unable to move from pain, with hair and teeth falling away, and with nothing to occupy him but a Bible and a book of Chronicles. However, his spirit was indomitable. He sang Psalms, and wrote verses in praise of his prison; and, finding a piece of charcoal, made a great drawing of angels surrounding God the Father, on his wall. Once only his courage gave way, and, determining on suicide, he so placed a beam that it should fall upon him like a trap. When all was ready, an unseen hand took hold of him and dashed him on the ground at some distance from the beam. From this moment Cellini's cell was visited by angels who comforted him and healed his broken leg, and reasoned with him of religion. He read his Bible attentively, and prayed to God. Cellini's account of his visions reminds us of Savonarola, with whose writings he had become acquainted during his first imprisonment. There is no doubt that, impressed with the grandeur of Savonarola's dreams, he was emulous of reproducing them, and laying claims for himself to inspiration. One of these visions is particularly striking. Cellini had prayed fervently that he might see the sun, at least in dreams, if it were impossible that he should ever look on it again with natural eyes. But while awake and in possession of his senses, an angel hurried him away and took him to a narrow street, one side of which was bright with sunlight, but the sun himself was hidden. Cellini asked the angel how he might behold the sun, and the angel pointed to some steps upon the wall of a house. Up these Cellini climbed, and came into the full light of the sun, so that, although dazzled by its fierceness, he gazed steadfastly and took his fill. While he looked, the whole rays of the sun fell away upon the left side, and the disc shone like a bath of molten gold. This surface swelled, and from its glory came the figure of a Christ upon the cross, which stood beside the rays. Again the surface swelled, and from its glory came the figure of Madonna and her Child, which stood beside the cross. And between them was St. Peter in his sacerdotal robes, praying for Cellini's life, and "full of shame that such foul wrong should be done to Christians in his house." This vision strengthened Cellini's soul, and he began to hope for liberty. When free again he carved the figures he had seen in gold.

Cellini's religious phase deserves some special comment. It occurs so strangely in the midst of his most worldly life. Like love, he puts religion off and on quite easily, reverting to it when he finds himself in danger or bad spirits, and forgetting it again when he is happy. For instance, in the Castle of St. Angelo he made a vow to visit the Holy Sepulchre if God would grant him to behold the sun. This vow he forgot until he met with a disappointment in France, when he determined to forsake the Court and travel to Jerusalem. But the offer of a salary of seven hundred crowns

restored his spirits, and he thought no more about the Holy Sepulchre. Although he loved his life so dearly, yet he made a virtue of necessity as soon as he was threatened with death, crying, "The sooner I am delivered from the prison of this world the better, especially as I am sure of salvation, being unjustly put to death." His good opinion of himself extended to the certainty he felt of heaven. Forgetting his homicides and debaucheries, he had recourse to the thought of God, and sustained his courage with devotion when all other sources failed. About the powers of Providence his notions were confused. Whether the stars or divine Truth ruled the world, he could not clearly say. "The stars do not conspire to do us good or mischief, but to their conjunctions we are all of us subject. Although I have free will, and if my faith were as strong and lively as it ought to be, angels would be sent from heaven to deliver me; yet, as I am unworthy of this favour, the stars are permitted to shed their baleful influence on my devoted head." Again he says, "Now Truth has been too powerful for the malignant influence of the stars." There is the same confusion in his mind about the Pope. He goes to Clement submissively for absolution from homicide and theft, saying, "I am at the feet of your Holiness, who have the full power of absolving, and I request you to give me permission to confess and communicate, that I may *with your favour* be restored to the Divine grace." He also tells him that the sight of Christ's vicar, in whom there is an awful representation of the Divine power, affected him with awe, and made him tremble. Yet at another time he speaks of this same Clement being "transformed to a savage beast," and lavishes abuse on Paul the Third, "who neither believed in God, nor in any other article of religion." Indeed, the Italians of this age seem to have treated the Pope as negroes treat their fetish. If they had cause to dislike him, they beat and heaped insults on him, like those Florentine clergy who described the Pontiff as "*leno matris suæ, adulterorum minister, diaboli vicarius*," and his spiritual offspring as "*simonia, luxus, homicidium, proditio, hæresis*." On the other hand, if he proved favourable to their interests, they turned round and worshipped him, and really thought that he could give them Heaven. We can judge how dangerous, in such a state of popular persuasion, was the teaching of Savonarola, who endeavoured to destroy the superstitions upon which alone the prestige of the Papal power reposed.

At the end of the year 1539 the Cardinal of Ferrara, one of the Este family, appeared in Rome with solicitations from Francis the First that the Pope would release Cellini, and allow him to enter his service. Upon this the prison door was opened. Our friend returned to his old mode of restless life, and travelled in the cardinal's train to France. We find him renewing his favourite pastimes—killing people, disputing with his employers, and working diligently at his trade. The first period of his history is closed, and the second begins.

Cellini's account of his residence in France has some historical interest. He does not seem to have understood the French; or to have liked them,

but complains that they were far less civilized than the Italians of his time. When he first joined the Court he found Francis travelling about with a retinue of 18,000 persons and 12,000 horse. Very often they lodged in places where no accommodation could be had, and wretched tents were rigged up for the suite. Francis among his ladies and his cardinals, pretending to a knowledge of the arts, sauntering with his splendid train into the goldsmith's workshop, encouraging Cellini's violence with a boyish love of mischief, vain and flattered, peevish, petulant, and fond of show, appears upon Cellini's pages with lifelike vividness. On establishing himself in Paris, the king presented him with a castle, called *Le Petit Nesle*, and made him lord thereof by letters of naturalization. This castle stood where the Institute has since been built; we may judge of its extent from the number of occupations carried on within its precincts at the time when Cellini entered into possession. He found there a tennis-court, a distillery, a printing-press, and a manufactory of saltpetre, besides residents engaged in other trades. Cellini's claims were resisted. Probably its occupiers did not relish the intrusion of a foreigner. So he stormed the castle, and installed himself by force of arms. Nor could he keep possession without the same violence. But this Cellini loved, and had he been let alone he would have fallen ill of ennui. One of the previous residents in *Le Petit Nesle* was a dependent of Madame d'Estampes; and, through the complaints which he carried to her ears, Cellini fell into disfavour with the mistress of the Queen. Proud, self-confident, overbearing, and unable to command his words or actions, Cellini could not pay his court to princes. He quarrelled with both Primaticcio and Rosso, who had previously been settled under the protection of Francis, rousing their deadly animosity by his manners of a bravo. After being attacked by assassins and robbers on more than one occasion, he found himself involved in two lawsuits, which eventually he overbore by dint of bawling in the courts, cutting the plaintiffs to pieces without killing them, and threatening the attorneys with his sword. He draws a graphic picture of the French law-courts, with their judge as grave as Plato, their barristers all chattering at once, their bought Norman witnesses, and the ushers at the doors who cried out "*Paix, paix, Satan, allez paix.*" In this exclamation Cellini thought he recognized the strange lines at the beginning of the seventh canto of Dante's *Inferno*. Notwithstanding these disturbances in his domestic life, Cellini began some great works for Francis, who valued him exceedingly, and would not listen to the account of his disorderly conduct. At Paris he employed him to make huge silver candelabra, and at Fontainebleau to restore the castle gate. Cellini, for the latter purpose, executed a figure of a nymph in bronze, reclining among trophies of the chase. This is preserved in the collection of the Louvre. It is a long-limbed, lifeless figure, absolutely without any meaning—a mere snuff-box ornament enlarged to a gigantic size. Francis, however, appears to have had very bad taste, and to have admired the meretricious designs of Cellini above measure. He wished to keep him near his person, but the animosity of Madame

d'Estampes and of his old patron the Cardinal of Ferrara grew so oppressive that Cellini resolved to return to Italy, leaving his effects behind him under the charge of Ascanio, his friend and pupil.

Cellini never returned to France. The third and last period of his life was spent at Florence in the service of Cosimo. This duke, with the best intentions, had not taste enough to patronize the arts wisely. He received Cellini with kindness, and entrusted him with the execution of a statue of Perseus for the great square of the Palazzo Publico. But he had no confidence in his own judgment, and was so deluded as to prefer Bandinelli, Cellini's bitter foe, and Ammanati, a very indifferent sculptor, to Benvenuto, who, with all his faults, was one of the royal race of Italian artists and no pretender. Besides, Cosimo entrusted all the details of his business to an ignorant steward called Francesco Ricci. Henceforward Cellini's time was greatly wasted in wrangling with this steward and with Bandinelli, and in endeavouring to overcome the coldness and to meet the vacillations of the duke. His autobiography presents a lamentable picture of the subservience of artists to the caprice of princes at this time. There was no popular patronage to which they could appeal. Fame and the means of subsistence were dispensed to them by popes and cardinals and dukes whom they had to cajole, in whose antechambers they passed valuable hours, whose servants and mistresses they bribed, and who would often cast them loose or throw them into prison for a whim. This atmosphere of intrigue and animosity was not uncongenial to Cellini, and the obstacles which he met at Florence roused his energy to such a height that he produced under great difficulties the noblest of his works. We must pass over in silence the details which he has recorded respecting the Perseus. Suffice it to say that Cellini achieved a triumph adequate to his own highest expectations, when the statue was at last uncovered. Odes and sonnets in Italian, Greek, and Latin were written in its praise. Pontormo and Bronzino, the painters, loaded it with eulogy. And Cellini, ruffling with hand on hilt in silks and satins through the square, was pointed out as the great sculptor who had cast the admirable bronze. This he thoroughly enjoyed, and when some Sicilian gentlemen came up to deliver him a set oration, "which would have been too great a panegyric even for a Pope, I behaved," he says, "as modestly as it was possible for me on the occasion; but they continued so long paying me compliments that I at last begged they would leave the square, because the populace crowded about to stare at me more than at my statue of Perseus." Indeed it was no slight distinction for a Florentine to erect a statue beneath the Loggia de Lanzi, in the square of the Signory. Orcagna had built the loggia long ago, near the palace of the people, with its mediæval battlements and narrow windows. Donatello had placed his "Judith," and Michael Angelo his "David," in the same square. Every great action in Florentine history had taken place within its precincts. Every name of distinction among the citizens of Florence was connected with its monuments. To this day we may read the course of Florentine art by studying the sculpture and the architecture of this square; and

not the least of its many ornaments is the Perseus of Cellini. Cellini completed his work in 1554. His autobiography is carried down to the year 1562, when it abruptly terminates. It appears that in 1558 he received the tonsure and the first ecclesiastical orders; but two years later on he married a wife, and died at the age of sixty-nine, leaving three legitimate children. His old age was passed in privacy at Florence, where the duke honoured him, and gave him a house near Santa Croce. He was buried splendidly in the chapter-house of the Nunziata, a funeral sermon being preached "in praise both of his life and works, and his excellent moral qualities." It would not appear from this statement, which we have quoted from a document written at the time, that his contemporaries regarded Cellini as an exceptionally wicked man.

It has not been our purpose to criticize Cellini's style of art, but rather to draw from his biography those passages which illustrate the temper of the man and the character of the times in which he lived. Yet if we turn for a moment to consider his works, we must admit that Cellini belongs to the second class of artists. He never rose above the affectations of his day, and followed rather than controlled its taste. His best productions were imitative of the style of Michael Angelo, whose genius he comprehended, and with the spirit of whose masterpieces he was thoroughly imbued. But, unfortunately, in his reproduction of the forms of Michael Angelo, he failed to represent the intellectual sublimity which makes us condone their exaggeration and mannerism. What Cellini did was absolutely without reflection or ideal unity. It does not appear from his memoirs that he ever thought his subjects out with difficulty, or even selected his models with care. He owed his success to fertility, technical skill, and passionate energy. His life was too noisy and disturbed; he thought too much about himself; he was too intent upon conceiving some new, tremendous, and startling effect, to produce a really concentrated work of art. In his day the study of great masters and antiquities had brought men to despair of originality in the highest branches of painting and sculpture. They were content with aiming at brilliancy, variety, and ornament. Cellini's trade of a goldsmith rendered him peculiarly liable to fall into this error. Accustomed to work on gold and silver plate, when he began a statue he simply enlarged the puppets of his urns and tankards. Omitting the thought and expression which should give life to sculpture, he lavished labour on mere decorative details. On this account his best works are over-wrought and inharmonious. Yet even here Cellini did not fall below the standard of his day. For vigour of design, boldness of execution, and accuracy of hand he surpassed his companions. The unmeaning groups of Primaticcio whom he rivalled at the Court of Francis, and the statues of Bandinelli whom he opposed at Florence, cannot be compared with his productions for elegance and taste. We only complain that, being so great, he could not rise above the effeminacy of his time, the cramping associations of his adopted art, and the frivolity of his own nature. With him the lamp of Italian sculpture went out. He knew it, and his eyes were always fixed upon the past. As a man he excites more interest than as an artist.



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THEIRTY AT NAUJES.

# Armadale.

## BOOK THE FOURTH.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BRINK OF DISCOVERY.

THE morning of the interview between Mrs. Milroy and her daughter, at the cottage, was a morning of serious reflection for the squire, at the great house.

Even Allan's easy-tempered nature had not been proof against the disturbing influence exercised on it by the events of the last three days. Midwinter's abrupt departure had vexed him; and Major Milroy's reception of his inquiries relating to Miss Gwilt weighed unpleasantly on his mind. Since his visit to the cottage, he had felt impatient and ill at ease, for the first time in his life, with everybody who came near him. Impatient with Pedgift Junior, who had called on the previous evening, to announce his departure for London on business the next day, and to place his services at

the disposal of his client; ill at ease with Miss Gwilt, at a secret meeting with her in the park that morning; and ill at ease in his own company, as he now sat moodily smoking, in the solitude of his room. "I can't live this sort of life much longer," thought Allan. "If nobody will help me to put the awkward question to Miss Gwilt, I must stumble on some way of putting it for myself."

What way? The answer to that question was as hard to find as ever. Allan tried to stimulate his sluggish invention by walking up and down the room, and was disturbed by the appearance of the footman at the first turn,



"Now then! what is it?" he asked impatiently.

"A letter, sir; and the person waits for an answer."

Allan looked at the address. It was in a strange handwriting. He opened the letter; and a little note enclosed in it dropped to the ground. The note was directed, still in the strange handwriting, to "Mrs. Mandeville, 18, Kingsdown Crescent, Bayswater. Favoured by Mr. Armadale." More and more surprised, Allan turned for information to the signature at the end of the letter. It was "Anne Milroy."

"Anne Milroy?" he repeated. "It must be the major's wife. What can she possibly want with me?"

By way of discovering what she wanted, Allan did at last what he might more wisely have done at first. He sat down to read the letter.

["Private."]

"The Cottage, Monday.

"DEAR SIR,—The name at the end of these lines will, I fear, recall to you a very rude return made on my part, some time since, for an act of neighbourly kindness on yours. I can only say in excuse, that I am a great sufferer, and that if I was ill-tempered enough, in a moment of irritation under severe pain, to send back your present of fruit, I have regretted doing so ever since. Attribute this letter, if you please, to my desire to make you some atonement, and to my wish to be of service to our good friend and landlord if I possibly can.

"I have been informed of the question which you addressed to my husband the day before yesterday, on the subject of Miss Gwilt. From all I have heard of you, I am quite sure that your anxiety to know more of this charming person than you know now, is an anxiety proceeding from the most honourable motives. Believing this, I feel a woman's interest—incurable invalid as I am—in assisting you. If you are desirous of becoming acquainted with Miss Gwilt's family circumstances without directly appealing to Miss Gwilt herself, it rests with you to make the discovery—and I will tell you how.

"It so happens that some few days since, I wrote privately to Miss Gwilt's reference on this very subject. I had long observed that my governess was singularly reluctant to speak of her family and her friends; and without attributing her silence to other than perfectly proper motives, I felt it my duty to my daughter to make some inquiry on the subject. The answer that I have received is satisfactory as far as it goes. My correspondent informs me that Miss Gwilt's story is a very sad one, and that her own conduct throughout has been praiseworthy in the extreme. The circumstances (of a domestic nature, as I gather,) are all plainly stated in a collection of letters now in the possession of Miss Gwilt's reference. This lady is perfectly willing to let me see the letters—but, not possessing copies of them, and being personally responsible for their security, she is reluctant, if it can be avoided, to trust them to the post; and she begs me to wait until she or I can find some reliable person who can be employed to transmit the packet from her hands to mine.

"Under these circumstances, it has struck me that you might possibly, with your interest in the matter, be not unwilling to take charge of the papers. If I am wrong in this idea, and if you are not disposed, after what I have told you, to go to the trouble and expense of a journey to London, you have only to burn my letter and enclosure, and to think no more about it. If you decide on becoming my envoy, I gladly provide you with the necessary introduction to Mrs. Mandeville. You have only, on presenting it, to receive the letters in a sealed packet, to send them here on your return to Thorpe-Ambrose, and to wait an early communication from me acquainting you with the result.

"In conclusion, I have only to add that I see no impropriety in your taking (if you feel so inclined) the course that I propose to you. Miss Gwilt's manner of receiving such allusions as I have made to her family circumstances, has rendered it unpleasant for me (and would render it quite impossible for you) to seek information in the first instance from herself. I am certainly justified in applying to her reference; and you are certainly not to blame for being the medium of safely transmitting a sealed communication from one lady to another. If I find in that communication family secrets which cannot honourably be mentioned to any third person, I shall of course be obliged to keep you waiting until I have first appealed to Miss Gwilt. If I find nothing recorded but what is to her honour, and what is sure to raise her still higher in your estimation, I am undeniably doing her a service by taking you into my confidence. This is how I look at the matter—but pray don't allow me to influence *you*.

"In any case, I have one condition to make, which I am sure you will understand to be indispensable. The most innocent actions are liable, in this wicked world, to the worst possible interpretation. I must, therefore, request that you will consider this communication as *strictly private*. I write to you in a confidence which is on no account (until circumstances may, in my opinion, justify the revelation of it) to extend beyond our two selves.

"Believe me, dear sir, truly yours,

"ANNE MILROY."

In this tempting form the unscrupulous ingenuity of the major's wife had set the trap. Without a moment's hesitation, Allan followed his impulses as usual, and walked straight into it—writing his answer, and pursuing his own reflections simultaneously, in a highly characteristic state of mental confusion.

"By Jupiter, this is kind of Mrs. Milroy!" ("My dear madam.") "Just the thing I wanted, at the time when I needed it most!" ("I don't know how to express my sense of your kindness, except by saying that I will go to London and fetch the letters with the greatest pleasure.") "She shall have a basket of fruit regularly every day, all through the season." ("I will go at once, dear madam, and be back to-morrow.") "Ah, nothing like the women for helping one when one is in love! This

is just what my poor mother would have done in Mrs. Milroy's place." ("On my word of honour as a gentleman, I will take the utmost care of the letters—and keep the thing strictly private, as you request.") "I would have given five hundred pounds to anybody who would have put me up to the right way to speak to Miss Gwilt—and here is this blessed woman does it for nothing." ("Believe me, my dear madam, gratefully yours, Allan Armadale.")

Having sent his reply out to Mrs. Milroy's messenger, Allan paused in a momentary perplexity. He had an appointment with Miss Gwilt in the park for the next morning. It was absolutely necessary to let her know that he would be unable to keep it; she had forbidden him to write, and he had no chance that day of seeing her alone. In this difficulty, he determined to let the necessary intimation reach her through the medium of a message to the major, announcing his departure for London on business, and asking if he could be of service to any member of the family. Having thus removed the only obstacle to his departure, Allan consulted the timetable, and found, to his disappointment, that there was a good hour to spare before it would be necessary to drive to the railway-station. In his existing frame of mind, he would infinitely have preferred starting for London in a violent hurry.

When the time came at last, Allan, on passing the steward's office, drummed at the door, and called through it, to Mr. Bashwood, "I'm going to town—back to-morrow." There was no answer from within; and the servant interposing, informed his master that Mr. Bashwood, having no business to attend to that day, had locked up the office, and had left some hours since.

On reaching the station, the first person whom Allan encountered was Pedgift Junior, going to London on the legal business which he had mentioned on the previous evening, at the great house. The necessary explanations exchanged, it was decided that the two should travel in the same carriage. Allan was glad to have a companion; and Pedgift, enchanted as usual to make himself useful to his client, bustled away to get the tickets and see to the luggage. Sauntering to and fro on the platform until his faithful follower returned, Allan came suddenly upon no less a person than Mr. Bashwood himself—standing back in a corner with the guard of the train, and putting a letter (accompanied, to all appearance, by a fee) privately into the man's hand.

"Hullo!" cried Allan in his hearty way. "Something important there, Mr. Bashwood—eh?"

If Mr. Bashwood had been caught in the act of committing murder, he could hardly have shown greater alarm than he now testified at Allan's sudden discovery of him. Snatching off his dingy old hat, he bowed bareheaded, in a palsy of nervous trembling from head to foot. "No, sir, no, sir; only a little letter, a little letter, a little letter," said the deputy-steward, taking refuge in reiteration, and bowing himself swiftly backwards out of his employer's sight.



Allan turned carelessly on his heel. "I wish I could take to that fellow," he thought—"but I can't; he's such a sneak! What the deuce was there to tremble about? Does he think I want to pry into his secrets?"

Mr. Bashwood's secret on this occasion concerned Allan more nearly than Allan supposed. The letter which he had just placed in-charge of the guard was nothing less than a word of warning addressed to Mrs. Oldershaw, and written by Miss Gwilt.

"If you can hurry your business" (wrote the major's governess) "do so, and come back to London immediately. Things are going wrong here, and Miss Milroy is at the bottom of the mischief. This morning she insisted on taking up her mother's breakfast, always on other occasions taken up by the nurse. They had a long confabulation in private; and half an hour later I saw the nurse slip out with a letter, and take the path that leads to the great house. The sending of the letter has been followed by young Armadale's sudden departure for London—in the face of an appointment which he had with me for to-morrow morning. This looks serious. The girl is evidently bold enough to make a fight of it for the position of Mrs. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose, and she has found out some way of getting her mother to help her. Don't suppose I am in the least nervous or discouraged; and don't do anything till you hear from me again. Only get back to London—for I may have serious need of your assistance in the course of the next day or two.

"I send this letter to town (to save a post) by the mid-day train, in charge of the guard. As you insist on knowing every step I take at Thorpe-Ambrose, I may as well tell you that my messenger (for I can't go to the station myself) is that curious old creature whom I mentioned to you in my first letter. Ever since that time, he has been perpetually hanging about here for a look at me. I am not sure whether I frighten him or fascinate him—perhaps I do both together. All you need care to know is, that I can trust him with my trifling errands, and possibly, as time goes on, with something more.

L. G."

Meanwhile the train had started from the Thorpe-Ambrose station, and the squire and his travelling companion were on their way to London.

Some men, finding themselves under present circumstances, might have felt curious to know the nature of his business in the metropolis. Young Pedgift's unerring instinct as a man of the world penetrated the secret without the slightest difficulty. "The old story," thought this wary old head, wagging privately on its lusty young shoulders. "There's a woman in the case, as usual. Any other business would have been turned over to *me*." Perfectly satisfied with this conclusion, Mr. Pedgift the younger proceeded, with an eye to his professional interest, to make himself as agreeable to his client as usual. He seized on the whole administrative business of the journey to London, as he had seized on the whole administrative business of the picnic at the Broads. On reaching the terminus, Allan was ready to go to any hotel

that might be recommended. His invaluable solicitor straightway drove him to an hotel at which the Pedgift family had been accustomed to put up for three generations.

"You don't object to vegetables, sir?" said the cheerful Pedgift, as the cab stopped at an hotel in Covent Garden Market. "Very good, you may leave the rest to my grandfather, my father, and me. I don't know which of the three is most beloved and respected in this house. How-d'ye-do, William? (Our head-waiter, Mr. Armadale.) Is your wife's rheumatism better, and does the little boy get on nicely at school? Your master's out, is he? Never mind, you'll do. This, William, is Mr. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose. I have prevailed on Mr. Armadale to try our house. Have you got the bedroom I wrote for? Very good. Let Mr. Armadale have it, instead of me (my grandfather's favourite bedroom, sir; number five, on the second floor;) pray take it—I can sleep anywhere. Will you have the mattress on the top of the feather-bed? You hear, William? Tell Matilda, the mattress on the top of the feather-bed. How is Matilda? Has she got the tooth-ache, as usual? The head-chambermaid, Mr. Armadale, and a most extraordinary woman; she will *not* part with a hollow tooth in her lower jaw. My grandfather says, 'have it out'—my father says, 'have it out'—I say, 'have it out,' and Matilda turns a deaf ear to all three of us. Yes, William, yes; if Mr. Armadale approves, this sitting-room will do. About dinner, sir? You would prefer getting your business over first, and coming back to dinner? Shall we say, in that case, half-past seven? William, half-past seven. Not the least need to order anything, Mr. Armadale. The head-waiter has only to give my compliments to the cook, and the best dinner in London will be sent up, punctual to the minute, as a necessary consequence. Say Mr. Pedgift, junior, if you please, William—otherwise, sir, we might get my grandfather's dinner or my father's dinner, and they *might* turn out a little too heavy and old-fashioned in their way of feeding for you and me. As to the wine, William. At dinner, *my* champagne, and the sherry that my father thinks nasty. After dinner, the claret with the blue seal—the wine my innocent grandfather said wasn't worth sixpence a bottle. Ha! ha! poor old boy! You will send up the evening papers and the playbills, just as usual, and—that will do, I think, William, for the present. An invaluable servant, Mr. Armadale; they're all invaluable servants in this house. We may not be fashionable here, sir, but by the Lord Harry we are snug! A cab? you would like a cab? Don't stir! I've rung the bell twice—that means, Cab wanted in a hurry. Might I ask, Mr. Armadale, which way your business takes you? Towards Bayswater? Would you mind dropping me in the park? It's a habit of mine when I'm in London to air myself among the aristocracy. Yours truly, sir, has an eye for a fine woman and a fine horse; and when he's in Hyde Park he's quite in his native element." Thus the all-accomplished Pedgift ran on; and by these little arts did he recommend himself to the good opinion of his client.

When the dinner-hour united the travelling companions again in their sitting-room at the hotel, a far less acute observer than young Pedgift must have noticed the marked change that appeared in Allan's manner. He looked vexed and puzzled, and sat drumming with his fingers on the dining-table without uttering a word.

"I'm afraid something has happened to annoy you, sir, since we parted company in the Park?" said Pedgift Junior. "Excuse the question—I only ask it in case I can be of any use."

"Something that I never expected has happened," returned Allan; "I don't know what to make of it. I should like to have your opinion," he added, after a little hesitation; "that is to say, if you will excuse my not entering into any particulars?"

"Certainly!" assented young Pedgift. "Sketch it in outline, sir. The merest hint will do; I wasn't born yesterday. (Oh, these women! I thought the youthful philosopher, in parenthesis.)"

"Well," began Allan, "you know what I said when we got to this hotel; I said I had a place to go to in Bayswater" (Pedgift mentally checked off the first point—Case in the suburbs, Bayswater); "and a person—that is to say—no—as I said before, a person to inquire after." (Pedgift checked off the next point:—Person in the case. She-person, or he-person? She-person unquestionably!) "Well, I went to the house, and when I asked for her—I mean the person—she—that is to say, the person—oh, confound it!" cried Allan, "I shall drive myself mad, and you too, if I try to tell my story in this roundabout way. Here it is in two words. I went to number eighteen Kingsdown Crescent, to see a lady named Mandeville; and when I asked for her, the servant said Mrs. Mandeville had gone away, without telling anybody where, and without even leaving an address at which letters could be sent to her. There! it's out at last, and what do you think of it now?"

"Tell me first, sir," said the wary Pedgift, "what inquiries you made, when you found this lady had vanished?"

"Inquiries?" repeated Allan, "I was utterly staggered; I didn't say anything. What inquiries ought I to have made?"

Pedgift Junior cleared his throat, and crossed his legs in a strictly professional manner.

"I have no wish, Mr. Armadale," he began, "to inquire into your business with Mrs. Mandeville——"

"No," interposed Allan, bluntly, "I hope you won't inquire into that. My business with Mrs. Mandeville must remain a secret."

"But," pursued Pedgift, laying down the law with the forefinger of one hand on the outstretched palm of the other, "I may, perhaps, be allowed to ask generally, whether your business with Mrs. Mandeville is of a nature to interest you in tracing her from Kingsdown Crescent to her present residence?"

"Certainly!" said Allan. "I have a very particular reason for wishing to see her."

"In that case, sir," returned Pedgift Junior, "there were two obvious questions which you ought to have asked, to begin with—namely, on what date Mrs. Mandeville left, and how she left. Having discovered this, you should have ascertained next, under what domestic circumstances she went away—whether there was a misunderstanding with anybody; say a difficulty about money-matters. Also, whether she went away alone, or with somebody else. Also, whether the house was her own, or whether she only lodged in it. Also, in the latter event——"

"Stop! stop! you're making my head swim," cried Allan. "I don't understand all these ins and outs—I'm not used to this sort of thing."

"I've been used to it myself from my childhood upwards, sir," remarked Pedgift. "And if I can be of any assistance, say the word."

"You're very kind," returned Allan. "If you could only help me to find Mrs. Mandeville; and if you wouldn't mind leaving the thing afterwards entirely in my hands——?"

"I'll leave it in your hands, sir, with all the pleasure in life," said Pedgift Junior. ("And I'll lay five to one," he added mentally, "when the time comes, you'll leave it in mine!") We'll go to Bayswater together, Mr. Armadale, to-morrow morning. In the meantime here's the soup. The case now before the court is—Pleasure *versus* Business. I don't know what you say, sir; I say, without a moment's hesitation, Verdict for the plaintiff. Let us gather our rosebuds while we may. Excuse my high spirits, Mr. Armadale. Though buried in the country, I was made for a London life; the very air of the metropolis intoxicates me." With that avowal the irresistible Pedgift placed a chair for his patron, and issued his orders cheerfully to his viceroy, the head-waiter. "Iced punch, William, after the soup. I answer for the punch, Mr. Armadale—it's made after a receipt of my great-uncle's. He kept a tavern, and founded the fortunes of the family. I don't mind telling you the Pedgifts have had a publican among them; there's no false pride about me. 'Worth makes the man (as Pope says), and want of it the fellow; the rest is all but leather and prunella.' I cultivate poetry as well as music, sir, in my leisure hours; in fact, I'm more or less on familiar terms with the whole of the nine Muses. Aha! here's the punch! The memory of my great-uncle, the publican, Mr. Armadale—drunk in solemn silence!"

Allan tried hard to emulate his companion's gaiety and good humour, but with very indifferent success. His visit to Kingsdown Crescent recurred ominously again and again to his memory, all through the dinner, and all through the public amusements to which he and his legal adviser repaired at a later hour of the evening. When Pedgift Junior put out his candle that night, he shook his wary head, and regretfully apostrophized "the women" for the second time.

By ten o'clock the next morning, the indefatigable Pedgift was on the scene of action. To Allan's great relief, he proposed making the necessary inquiries at Kingsdown Crescent, in his own person, while his patron waited near at hand, in the cab which had brought them from the hotel. After a

delay of little more than five minutes, he re-appeared, in full possession of all attainable particulars. His first proceeding was to request Allan to step out of the cab, and to pay the driver. Next, he politely offered his arm, and led the way round the corner of the crescent, across a square, and into a by-street, which was rendered exceptionally lively by the presence of the local cab-stand. Here he stopped, and asked jocosely, whether Mr. Armadale saw his way now, or whether it would be necessary to test his patience by making an explanation.

"See my way?" repeated Allan in bewilderment. "I see nothing but a cab-stand."

Pedgift Junior smiled compassionately, and entered on his explanation. It was a lodging-house at Kingsdown Crescent, he begged to state to begin with. He had insisted on seeing the landlady. A very nice person, with all the remains of having been a fine girl about fifty years ago; quite in Pedgift's style—if he had only been alive at the beginning of the present century—quite in Pedgift's style. But perhaps Mr. Armadale would prefer hearing about Mrs. Mandeville? Unfortunately, there was nothing to tell. There had been no quarrelling, and not a farthing left unpaid: the lodger had gone, and there wasn't an explanatory circumstance to lay hold of anywhere. It was either Mrs. Mandeville's way to vanish, or there was something under the rose, quite undiscoverable so far. Pedgift had got the date on which she left, and the time of day at which she left, and the means by which she left. The means might help to trace her. She had gone away in a cab which the servant had fetched from the nearest stand. The stand was now before their eyes; and the waterman was the first person to apply to—going to the waterman for information, being clearly (if Mr. Armadale would excuse the joke) going to the fountain-head. Treating the subject in this airy manner, and telling Allan that he would be back in a moment, Pedgift Junior sauntered down the street, and beckoned the waterman confidentially into the nearest public-house.

In a little while the two reappeared; the waterman taking Pedgift in succession to the first, third, fourth and sixth of the cabmen whose vehicles were on the stand. The longest conference was held with the sixth man; and it ended in the sudden approach of the sixth cab to the part of the street where Allan was waiting.

"Get in, sir," said Pedgift, opening the door, "I've found the man. He remembers the lady; and, though he has forgotten the name of the street, he believes he can find the place he drove her to when he once gets back into the neighbourhood. I am charmed to inform you, Mr. Armadale, that we are in luck's way so far. I asked the waterman to show me the regular men on the stand—and it turns out that one of the regular men drove Mrs. Mandeville. The waterman vouches for him; he's quite an anomaly—a respectable cabman; drives his own horse, and has never been in any trouble. These are the sort of men, sir, who sustain one's belief in human nature. I've had a look at our friend; and I agree with the waterman—I think we can depend on him."

The investigation required some exercise of patience at the outset. It was not till the cab had traversed the distance between Bayswater and Pimlico, that the driver began to slacken his pace and look about him. After once or twice retracing its course, the vehicle entered a quiet by-street, ending in a dead wall, with a door in it; and stopped at the last house on the left-hand side, the house next to the wall.

"Here it is, gentlemen," said the man, opening the cab-door.

Allan and Allan's adviser both got out, and both looked at the house, with the same feeling of instinctive distrust. Buildings have their physiognomy—especially buildings in great cities—and the face of this house was essentially furtive in its expression. The front windows were all shut, and the front blinds were all drawn down. It looked no larger than the other houses in the street, seen in front; but it ran back deceitfully, and gained its greater accommodation by means of its greater depth. It affected to be a shop on the ground-floor—but it exhibited absolutely nothing in the space that intervened between the window and an inner row of red curtains, which hid the interior entirely from view. At one side was the shop-door, having more red curtains behind the glazed part of it, and bearing a brass plate on the wooden part of it, inscribed with the name of "Oldershaw." On the other side was the private door, with a bell marked Professional; and another brass plate, indicating a medical occupant on this side of the house, for the name on it was "Doctor Downward." If ever brick and mortar spoke yet, the brick and mortar here said plainly, "We have got our secrets inside, and we mean to keep them."

"This can't be the place," said Allan; "there must be some mistake."

"You know best, sir," remarked Pedgift Junior, with his sardonic gravity. "You know Mrs. Mandeville's habits."

"I!" exclaimed Allan. "You may be surprised to hear it—but Mrs. Mandeville is a total stranger to me."

"I'm not in the least surprised to hear it, sir—the landlady at Kingsdown Crescent informed me that Mrs. Mandeville was an old woman. Suppose we inquire?" added the impenetrable Pedgift, looking at the red curtains in the shop-window with a strong suspicion that Mrs. Mandeville's granddaughter might possibly be behind them.

They tried the shop-door first. It was locked. They rang. A lean and yellow young woman, with a tattered French novel in her hand, opened it.

"Good morning, miss," said Pedgift. "Is Mrs. Mandeville at home?"

The yellow young woman stared at him in astonishment. "No person of that name is known here," she answered sharply, in a foreign accent.

"Perhaps they know her at the private door?" suggested Pedgift Junior.

"Perhaps they do," said the yellow young woman, and shut the door in his face.

"Rather a quick-tempered young person that, sir," said Pedgift. "I congratulate Mrs. Mandeville on not being acquainted with her." He



led the way, as he spoke, to Doctor Downward's side of the premises, and rang the bell.

The door was opened this time by a man in a shabby livery. He, too, stared when Mrs. Mandeville's name was mentioned; and he, too, knew of no such person in the house.

"Very odd," said Pedgift, appealing to Allan.

"What is odd?" asked a softly-stepping, softly-speaking gentleman in black, suddenly appearing on the threshold of the parlour-door.

Pedgift Junior politely explained the circumstances, and begged to know whether he had the pleasure of speaking to Doctor Downward.

The doctor bowed. If the expression may be pardoned, he was one of those carefully-constructed physicians, in whom the public—especially the female public—implicitly trust. He had the necessary bald head, the necessary double eyeglass, the necessary black clothes, and the necessary blandness of manner, all complete. His voice was soothing, his ways were deliberate, his smile was confidential. What particular branch of his profession Doctor Downward followed, was not indicated on his door-plate—but he had utterly mistaken his vocation, if he was not a ladies' medical man.

"Are you quite sure there is no mistake about the name?" asked the doctor, with a strong underlying anxiety in his manner. "I have known very serious inconvenience to arise sometimes from mistakes about names. No? There is really no mistake? In that case, gentlemen, I can only repeat what my servant has already told you. Don't apologize, pray. Good morning." The doctor withdrew as noiselessly as he had appeared; the man in the shabby livery silently opened the door; and Allan and his companion found themselves in the street again.

"Mr. Armadale," said Pedgift, "I don't know how you feel—I feel puzzled."

"That's awkward," returned Allan; "I was just going to ask you what we ought to do next."

"I don't like the look of the place, the look of the shopwoman, or the look of the doctor," pursued the other. "And yet I can't say I think they are deceiving us—I can't say I think they really do know Mrs. Mandeville's name."

The impressions of Pedgift Junior seldom misled him; and they had not misled him in this case. The caution which had dictated Mrs. Oldershaw's private removal from Bayswater, was the caution which frequently overreaches itself. It had warned her to trust nobody at Pimlico with the secret of the name she had assumed as Miss Gwilt's reference; but it had entirely failed to prepare her for the emergency that had really happened. In a word, Mrs. Oldershaw had provided for everything, except for the one unimaginable contingency of an after-inquiry into the character of Miss Gwilt.

"We must do something," said Allan; "it seems useless to stop here."

Nobody had ever yet caught Pedgift Junior at the end of his resources; and Allan failed to catch him at the end of them now. "I quite agree with you, sir," he said; "we must do something. We'll cross-examine the cabman."

The cabman proved to be immovable. Charged with mistaking the place, he pointed to the empty shop-window. "I don't know what you may have seen, gentlemen," he remarked; "but there's the only shop-window I ever saw with nothing at all inside it. *That* fixed the place in my mind at the time, and I know it again when I see it." Charged with mistaking the person, or the day, or the house at which he had taken the person up, the cabman proved to be still unassailable. The servant who fetched him was marked as a girl well known on the stand. The day was marked, as the unluckiest working day he had had since the first of the year; and the lady was marked, as having had her money ready at the right moment (which not one elderly lady in a hundred usually had), and having paid him his fare on demand without disputing it (which not one elderly lady in a hundred usually did). "Take my number, gentlemen," concluded the cabman, "and pay me for my time; and what I've said to you, I'll swear to anywhere."

Pedgift made a note in his pocket-book of the man's number. Having added to it the name of the street, and the names on the two brass plates, he quietly opened the cab-door. "We are quite in the dark, thus far," he said. "Suppose we grope our way back to the hotel?"

He spoke and looked more seriously than usual. The mere fact of "Mrs. Mandeville's" having changed her lodging without telling any one where she was going, and without leaving any address at which letters could be forwarded to her—which the jealous malignity of Mrs. Milroy had interpreted as being undeniably suspicious in itself—had produced no great impression on the more impartial judgment of Allan's solicitor. People frequently left their lodgings in a private manner, with perfectly producible reasons for doing so. But the appearance of the place to which the cabman persisted in declaring that he had driven "Mrs. Mandeville," set the character and proceedings of that mysterious lady before Pedgift Junior in a new light. His personal interest in the inquiry suddenly strengthened, and he began to feel a curiosity to know the real nature of Allan's business which he had not felt yet.

"Our next move, Mr. Armadale, is not a very easy move to see," he said, as they drove back to the hotel. "Do you think you could put me in possession of any further particulars?"

Allan hesitated; and Pedgift Junior saw that he had advanced a little too far. "I mustn't force it," he thought; "I must give it time, and let it come of its own accord." "In the absence of any other information, sir," he resumed, "what do you say, to my making some inquiry about that queer shop, and about those two names on the door-plate? My business in London, when I leave you, is of a professional nature; and I am going into the right quarter for getting information, if it is to be got."

"There can't be any harm, I suppose, in making inquiries," replied Allan.

He, too, spoke more seriously than usual; he, too, was beginning to feel an all-mastering curiosity to know more. Some vague connection, not to be distinctly realized or traced out, began to establish itself in his mind between the difficulty of approaching Miss Gwilt's family circumstances, and the difficulty of approaching Miss Gwilt's reference. "I'll get down and walk, and leave you to go on to your business," he said. "I want to consider a little about this; and a walk and a cigar will help me."

"My business will be done, sir, between one and two," said Pedgift, when the cab had been stopped, and Allan had got out. "Shall we meet again at two o'clock, at the hotel?"

Allan nodded, and the cab drove off.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

#### ALLAN AT BAY.

Two o'clock came; and Pedgift Junior, punctual to his time, came with it. His vivacity of the morning had all sparkled out; he greeted Allan with his customary politeness, but without his customary smile; and when the head waiter came in for orders, his dismissal was instantly pronounced in words never yet heard to issue from the lips of Pedgift in that hotel:—"Nothing at present."

"You seem to be in low spirits," said Allan. "Can't we get our information? Can nobody tell you anything about the house in Pimlico?"

"Three different people have told me about it, Mr. Armadale; and they have all three said the same thing."

Allan eagerly drew his chair nearer to the place occupied by his travelling companion. His reflections in the interval since they had last seen each other, had not tended to compose him. That strange connection, so easy to feel, so hard to trace, between the difficulty of approaching Miss Gwilt's family circumstances, and the difficulty of approaching Miss Gwilt's reference, which had already established itself in his thoughts, had by this time stealthily taken a firmer and firmer hold on his mind. Doubts troubled him which he could neither understand nor express. Curiosity filled him, which he half-longed and half-dreaded to satisfy.

"I am afraid I must trouble you with a question or two, sir, before I can come to the point," said Pedgift Junior. "I don't want to force myself into your confidence; I only want to see my way, in what looks to me like a very awkward business. Do you mind telling me whether others beside yourself are interested in this inquiry of ours?"

"Other people *are* interested in it," replied Allan. "There's no objection to telling you that."

"Is there any other person who is the object of the inquiry besides

Mrs. Mandeville herself?" pursued Pedgift, winding his way a little deeper into the secret.

"Yes; there is another person," said Allan, answering rather unwillingly.

"Is the person a young woman, Mr. Armadale?"

Allan started. "How do you come to guess that?" he began—then checked himself, when it was too late. "Don't ask me any more questions," he resumed. "I'm a bad hand at defending myself against a sharp fellow like you; and I'm bound in honour towards other people to keep the particulars of this business to myself."

Pedgift Junior had apparently heard enough for his purpose. He drew his chair, in his turn, nearer to Allan. He was evidently anxious and embarrassed—but his professional manner began to show itself again from sheer force of habit.

"I've done with my questions, sir," he said; "and I have something to say now, on my side. In my father's absence, perhaps you may be kindly disposed to consider me as your legal adviser. If you will take my advice, you will not stir another step in this inquiry."

"What do you mean?" interposed Allan.

"It is just possible, Mr. Armadale, that the cabman, positive as he is, may have been mistaken. I strongly recommend you to take it for granted that he is mistaken—and to drop it there."

The caution was kindly intended; but it came too late. Allan did what ninety-nine men out of a hundred in his position would have done—he declined to take his lawyer's advice.

"Very well, sir," said Pedgift Junior; "if you will have it, you must have it."

He leaned forward close to Allan's ear, and whispered what he had heard of the house in Pimlico, and of the people who occupied it.

"Don't blame me, Mr. Armadale," he added, when the irrevocable words had been spoken. "I tried to spare you."

Allan suffered the shock, as all great shocks are suffered, in silence. His first impulse would have driven him headlong for refuge to that very view of the cabman's assertion which had just been recommended to him, but for one damning circumstance which placed itself inexorably in his way. Miss Gwilt's marked reluctance to approach the story of her past life, rose irrepressibly on his memory, in indirect but horrible confirmation of the evidence which connected Miss Gwilt's reference with the house in Pimlico. One conclusion, and one only—the conclusion which any man must have drawn, hearing what he had just heard, and knowing no more than he knew—forced itself into his mind. A miserable, fallen woman, who had abandoned herself in her extremity to the help of wretches skilled in criminal concealment—who had stolen her way back to decent society and a reputable employment, by means of a false character—and whose position now imposed on her the dreadful necessity of perpetual secrecy and perpetual deceit in relation to her past life—

such was the aspect in which the beautiful governess at Thorpe-Ambrose now stood revealed to Allan's eyes!

Falsely revealed, or truly revealed? Had she stolen her way back to decent society, and a reputable employment, by means of a false character? She had. Did her position impose on her the dreadful necessity of perpetual secrecy and perpetual deceit, in relation to her past life? It did. Was she some such pitiable victim to the treachery of a man unknown as Allan had supposed? *She was no such pitiable victim.* The conclusion which Allan had drawn—the conclusion literally forced into his mind by the facts before him—was, nevertheless, the conclusion of all others that was farthest even from touching on the truth. The true story of Miss Gwilt's connection with the house in Pimlico and the people who inhabited it—a house rightly described as filled with wicked secrets, and people rightly represented as perpetually in danger of feeling the grasp of the law—was a story which coming events were yet to disclose: a story infinitely less revolting, and yet infinitely more terrible, than Allan or Allan's companion had either of them supposed.

"I tried to spare you, Mr. Armadale," repeated Pedgitt. "I was anxious, if I could possibly avoid it, not to distress you."

Allan looked up, and made an effort to control himself. "You have distressed me dreadfully," he said. "You have quite crushed me down. But it is not your fault. I ought to feel you have done me a service—and what I ought to do I will do, when I am my own man again. There is one thing," Allan added, after a moment's painful consideration, "which ought to be understood between us at once. The advice you offered me just now was very kindly meant, and it was the best advice that could be given. I will take it gratefully. We will never talk of this again, if you please; and I beg and entreat you will never speak about it to any other person. Will you promise me that?"

Pedgitt gave the promise with very evident sincerity, but without his professional confidence of manner. The distress in Allan's face seemed to daunt him. After a moment of very uncharacteristic hesitation, he considerably quitted the room.

Left by himself, Allan rang for writing materials, and took out of his pocket-book the fatal letter of introduction to "Mrs. Mandeville," which he had received from the major's wife.

A man accustomed to consider consequences and to prepare himself for action by previous thought would, in Allan's present circumstances, have felt some difficulty as to the course which it might now be least embarrassing and least dangerous to pursue. Accustomed to let his impulses direct him on all other occasions, Allan acted on impulse in the serious emergency that now confronted him. Though his attachment to Miss Gwilt was nothing like the deeply-rooted feeling which he had himself honestly believed it to be, she had taken no common place in his admiration, and she filled him with no common grief when he thought of her now. His one dominant desire, at that critical moment in his life, was a man's

merciful desire to protect from exposure and ruin the unhappy woman who had lost her place in his estimation, without losing her claim to the forbearance that could spare and to the compassion that could shield her. "I can't go back to Thorpe-Ambrose; I can't trust myself to speak to her, or to see her again. But I can keep her miserable secret—and I will!" With that thought in his heart, Allan set himself to perform the first and foremost duty which now claimed him—the duty of communicating with Mrs. Milroy. If he had possessed a higher mental capacity and a clearer mental view, he might have found the letter no easy one to write. As it was, he calculated no consequences, and felt no difficulty. His instinct warned him to withdraw at once from the position in which he now stood towards the major's wife, and he wrote what his instinct counselled him to write under those circumstances, as rapidly as the pen could travel over the paper:—

"Dunn's Hotel, Covent Garden, Tuesday.

"DEAR MADAM,—Pray excuse my not returning to Thorpe-Ambrose to-day, as I said I would. Unforeseen circumstances oblige me to stop in London. I am sorry to say I have not succeeded in seeing Mrs. Mandeville, for which reason I cannot perform your errand; and I beg, therefore, with many apologies, to return the letter of introduction. I hope you will allow me to conclude by saying that I am very much obliged to you for your kindness, and that I will not venture to trespass on it any further.

"I remain, dear madam, yours truly,

"ALLAN ARMADALE."

In those artless words, still entirely unsuspecting of the character of the woman he had to deal with, Allan put the weapon she wanted into Mrs. Milroy's hands.

The letter and its enclosure once sealed up, and addressed, he was free to think of himself and his future. As he sat idly drawing lines with his pen on the blotting-paper, the tears came into his eyes for the first time—tears in which the woman who had deceived him had no share. His heart had gone back to his dead mother. "If she had been alive," he thought, "I might have trusted *her*, and she would have comforted me." It was useless to dwell on it—he dashed away the tears, and turned his thoughts with the heart-sick resignation that we all know, to living and present things.

He wrote a line to Mr. Bashwood, briefly informing the deputy-steward that his absence from Thorpe-Ambrose was likely to be prolonged for some little time, and that any further instructions which might be necessary, under those circumstances, would reach him through Mr. Pedgift the elder. This done, and the letters sent to the post, his thoughts were forced back once more on himself. Again the blank future waited before him to be filled up; and again his heart shrank from it to the refuge of the past.

This time, other images than the image of his mother filled his mind. The one all-absorbing interest of his earlier days stirred living and eager



in him again. He thought of the sea; he thought of his yacht lying idle in the fishing harbour at his West-country home. The old longing got possession of him to hear the wash of the waves; to see the filling of the sails; to feel the vessel that his own hands had helped to build, bounding under him once more. He rose in his impetuous way, to call for the time-table, and to start for Somersetshire by the first train—when the dread of the questions which Mr. Brock might ask, the suspicion of the change which Mr. Brock might see in him, drew him back to his chair. "I'll write," he thought, "to have the yacht rigged and refitted, and I'll wait to go to Somersetshire myself till Midwinter can go with me." He sighed as his memory reverted to his absent friend. Never had he felt the void made in his life by Midwinter's departure so painfully as he felt it now, in the dreariest of all social solitudes—the solitude of a stranger in London, left by himself at an hotel.

Before long, Pedgift Junior looked in, with an apology for his intrusion. Allan felt too lonely and too friendless not to welcome his companion's re-appearance gratefully. "I'm not going back to Thorpe-Ambrose," he said: "I'm going to stay a little while in London. I hope you will be able to stay with me?" To do him justice, Pedgift was touched, by the solitary position in which the owner of the great Thorpe-Ambrose estate now appeared before him. He had never, in his relations with Allan, so entirely forgotten his business-interests as he forgot them now.

"You are quite right, sir, to stop here—London's the place to divert your mind," said Pedgift cheerfully. "All business is more or less elastic in its nature, Mr. Armadale; I'll spin *my* business out, and keep you company with the greatest pleasure. We are both of us on the right side of thirty, sir—let's enjoy ourselves. What do you say to dining early, and going to the play, and trying the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park to-morrow morning, after breakfast? If we only live like fighting-cocks, and go in perpetually for public amusements, we shall arrive in no time at the *mens sana in corpore sano* of the ancients. Don't be alarmed at the quotation, sir. I dabble a little in Latin after business hours, and enlarge my sympathies by occasional perusal of the Pagan writers, assisted by a crib. William, dinner at five; and, as it's particularly important to-day, I'll see the cook myself."

The evening passed—the next day passed—Thursday morning came, and brought with it a letter for Allan. The direction was in Mrs. Milroy's handwriting; and the form of address adopted in the letter warned Allan the moment he opened it that something had gone wrong.

["Private."]

"The Cottage, Thorpe-Ambrose, Wednesday.

"SIR,—I have just received your mysterious letter. It has more than surprised, it has really alarmed me. After having made the friendliest advances to you on my side, I find myself suddenly shut out from your confidence in the most unintelligible, and, I must add, the most discourteous manner. It is quite impossible that I can allow the matter to rest where

you have left it. The only conclusion I can draw from your letter is, that my confidence must have been abused in some way, and that you know a great deal more than you are willing to tell me. Speaking in the interest of my daughter's welfare, I request that you will inform me what the circumstances are which have prevented your seeing Mrs. Mandeville, and which have led to the withdrawal of the assistance that you unconditionally promised me in your letter of Monday last.

"In my state of health, I cannot involve myself in a lengthened correspondence. I must endeavour to anticipate any objections you may make, and I must say all that I have to say in my present letter. In the event (which I am most unwilling to consider possible) of your declining to accede to the request that I have just addressed to you, I beg to say that I shall consider it my duty to my daughter to have this very unpleasant matter cleared up. If I don't hear from you to my full satisfaction by return of post, I shall be obliged to tell my husband that circumstances have happened which justify us in immediately testing the respectability of Miss Gwilt's reference. And when he asks me for my authority, I will refer him to you.

"Your obedient servant,

"ANNE MILROY."

In those terms the major's wife threw off the mask, and left her victim to survey at his leisure the trap in which she had caught him. Allan's belief in Mrs. Milroy's good faith had been so implicitly sincere, that her letter simply bewildered him. He saw vaguely that he had been deceived in some way, and that Mrs. Milroy's neighbourly interest in him was not what it had looked on the surface; and he saw no more. The threat of appealing to the major—on which, with a woman's ignorance of the natures of men, Mrs. Milroy had relied for producing its effect—was the only part of the letter to which Allan reverted with any satisfaction: it relieved instead of alarming him. "If there *is* to be a quarrel," he thought, "it will be a comfort, at any rate, to have it out with a man."

Firm in his resolution to shield the unhappy woman whose secret he wrongly believed himself to have surprised, Allan sat down to write his apologies to the major's wife. After setting up three polite declarations, in close marching order, he retired from the field. "He was extremely sorry to have offended Mrs. Milroy. He was innocent of all intention to offend Mrs. Milroy. And he begged to remain Mrs. Milroy's truly." Never had Allan's habitual brevity as a letter-writer done him better service than it did him now. With a little more skilfulness in the use of his pen, he might have given his enemy even a stronger hold on him than the hold she had got already.

The interval-day passed, and with the next morning's post Mrs. Milroy's threat came realized in the shape of a letter from her husband. The major wrote less formally than his wife had written, but his questions were mercilessly to the point.

["Private."]

"The Cottage, Thorpe-Ambrose,

"Friday, July 11th, 1851.

"DEAR SIR,—When you did me the favour of calling here a few days since, you asked a question relating to my governess, Miss Gwilt, which I thought rather a strange one at the time, and which caused, as you may remember, a momentary embarrassment between us.

"This morning, the subject of Miss Gwilt has been brought to my notice again in a manner which has caused me the utmost astonishment. In plain words, Mrs. Milroy has informed me that Miss Gwilt has exposed herself to the suspicion of having deceived us by a false reference. On my expressing the surprise which such an extraordinary statement caused me, and requesting that it might be instantly substantiated, I was still further astonished by being told to apply for all particulars to no less a person than Mr. Armadale. I have vainly requested some further explanation from Mrs. Milroy; she persists in maintaining silence, and in referring me to yourself.

"Under these extraordinary circumstances I am compelled, in justice to all parties, to ask you certain questions, which I will endeavour to put as plainly as possible, and which I am quite ready to believe (from my previous experience of you) that you will answer frankly on your side.

"I beg to inquire in the first place, whether you admit or deny Mrs. Milroy's assertion that you have made yourself acquainted with particulars relating either to Miss Gwilt or to Miss Gwilt's reference, of which I am entirely ignorant? In the second place, if you admit the truth of Mrs. Milroy's statement, I request to know how you became acquainted with those particulars? Thirdly, and lastly, I beg to ask you what the particulars are?

"If any special justification for putting these questions be needed—which, purely as a matter of courtesy towards yourself, I am willing to admit—I beg to remind you that the most precious charge in my house, the charge of my daughter, is confided to Miss Gwilt; and that Mrs. Milroy's statement places you, to all appearance, in the position of being competent to tell me whether that charge is properly bestowed or not.

"I have only to add that, as nothing has thus far occurred to justify me in entertaining the slightest suspicion either of my governess or her reference, I shall wait before I make any appeal to Miss Gwilt until I have received your answer—which I shall expect by return of post.

"Believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

"DAVID MILROY."

This transparently straightforward letter at once dissipated the confusion which had thus far existed in Allan's mind: he saw the snare in which he had been caught, as he had not seen it yet. Mrs. Milroy had clearly placed him between two alternatives—the alternative of putting himself in the wrong, by declining to answer her husband's questions; or the alternative of meanly sheltering his responsibility behind the responsibility of

a woman, by acknowledging to the major's own face that the major's wife had deceived him. In this difficulty Allan acted, as usual, without hesitation. His pledge to Mrs. Milroy to consider their correspondence private still bound him, disgracefully as she had abused it. And his resolution was as immovable as ever to let no earthly consideration tempt him into betraying Miss Gwilt. "I may have behaved like a fool," he thought, "but I won't break my word; and I won't be the means of turning that miserable woman adrift in the world again."

He wrote to the major as artlessly and briefly as he had written to the major's wife. He declared his unwillingness to cause a friend and neighbour any disappointment, if he could possibly help it. On this occasion he had no other choice. The questions the major asked him were questions which he could not consent to answer. He was not very clever at explaining himself, and he hoped he might be excused for putting it in that way, and saying no more.

Monday's post brought with it Major Milroy's rejoinder, and closed the correspondence.

"The Cottage, Thorpe-Ambrose, Sunday.

"SIR,—Your refusal to answer my questions, unaccompanied as it is by even the shadow of an excuse for such a proceeding, can be interpreted but in one way. Besides being an implied acknowledgment of the correctness of Mrs. Milroy's statement, it is also an implied reflection on my governess's character. As an act of justice towards a lady who lives under the protection of my roof, and who has given me no reason whatever to distrust her, I shall now show our correspondence to Miss Gwilt: and I shall repeat to her the conversation which I had with Mrs. Milroy on this subject, in Mrs. Milroy's presence.

"One word more respecting the future relations between us, and I have done. My ideas on certain subjects are, I daresay, the ideas of an old-fashioned man. In my time, we had a code of honour by which we regulated our actions. According to that code, if a man made private inquiries into a lady's affairs, without being either her husband, her father, or her brother, he subjected himself to the responsibility of justifying his conduct in the estimation of others; and if he evaded that responsibility, he abdicated the position of a gentleman. It is quite possible that this antiquated way of thinking exists no longer; but it is too late for me, at my time of life, to adopt more modern views. I am scrupulously anxious, seeing that we live in a country and a time in which the only court of honour is a police-court, to express myself with the utmost moderation of language upon this the last occasion that I shall have to communicate with you. Allow me, therefore, merely to remark, that our ideas of the conduct which is becoming in a gentleman, differ seriously; and permit me on this account to request that you will consider yourself for the future as a stranger to my family and to myself.

"Your obedient servant,

"DAVID MILROY."

The Monday morning on which his client received the major's letter, was the blackest Monday that had yet been marked in Pedgift's calendar. When Allan's first angry sense of the tone of contempt in which his friend and neighbour pronounced sentence on him had subsided, it left him sunk in a state of depression from which no efforts made by his travelling companion could rouse him for the rest of the day. Reverting naturally, now that his sentence of banishment had been pronounced, to his early intercourse with the cottage, his memory went back to Neelie, more regretfully and more penitently than it had gone back to her yet. "If *she* had shut the door on me, instead of her father," was the bitter reflection with which Allan now reviewed the past, "I shouldn't have had a word to say against it; I should have felt it served me right."

The next day brought another letter—a welcome letter this time, from Mr. Brock. Allan had written to Somersetshire on the subject of refitting the yacht some days since. The letter had found the rector engaged, as he innocently supposed, in protecting his old pupil against the woman whom he had watched in London, and whom he now believed to have followed him back to his own home. Acting under the directions sent to her, Mrs. Oldershaw's housemaid had completed the mystification of Mr. Brock. She had tranquillized all further anxiety on the rector's part, by giving him a written undertaking (in the character of Miss Gwilt), engaging never to approach Mr. Armadale, either personally or by letter! Firmly persuaded that he had won the victory at last, poor Mr. Brock answered Allan's note in the highest spirits, expressing some natural surprise at his leaving Thorpe-Ambrose, but readily promising that the yacht should be refitted, and offering the hospitality of the rectory in the heartiest manner.

This letter did wonders in raising Allan's spirits. It gave him a new interest to look to, entirely disassociated from his past life in Norfolk. He began to count the days that were still to pass before the return of his absent friend. It was then Tuesday. If Midwinter came back from his walking-trip, as he had engaged to come back, in a fortnight, Saturday would find him at Thorpe-Ambrose. A note sent to meet the traveller might bring him to London the same night; and, if all went well, before another week was over, they might be afloat together in the yacht.

The next day passed, to Allan's relief, without bringing any letters. The spirits of Pedgift rose sympathetically with the spirits of his client. Towards dinner-time he reverted to the *mens sana in corpore sano* of the ancients, and issued his orders to the head-waiter more royally than ever.

Thursday came, and brought the fatal postman with more news from Norfolk. A letter-writer now stepped on the scene who had not appeared there yet; and the total overthrow of all Allan's plans for a visit to Somersetshire was accomplished on the spot.

Pedgift Junior happened that morning to be first at the breakfast-table. When Allan came in, he relapsed into his professional manner, and offered a letter to his patron with a bow performed in dreary silence.

"For me?" inquired Allan, shrinking instinctively from a new correspondent.

"For you, sir—from my father," replied Pedgift, "enclosed in one to myself. Perhaps you will allow me to suggest, by way of preparing you for—something a little unpleasant,—that we shall want a particularly good dinner to-day;—and (if they're not performing any modern German music to-night,) I think we should do well to finish the evening melodiously at the Opera."

"Something wrong at Thorpe-Ambrose?" asked Allan.

"Yes, Mr. Armadale; something wrong at Thorpe-Ambrose."

Allan sat down resignedly, and opened the letter.

"High Street, Thorpe-Ambrose,

"17th July, 1851.

["Private and confidential."]

"DEAR SIR,—I cannot reconcile it with my sense of duty to your interests, to leave you any longer in ignorance of reports current in this town and its neighbourhood, which, I regret to say, are reports affecting yourself.

"The first intimation of anything unpleasant reached me on Monday last. It was widely rumoured in the town that something had gone wrong at Major Milroy's with the new governess, and that Mr. Armadale was mixed up in it. I paid no heed to this, believing it to be one of the many trumpery pieces of scandal perpetually set going here; and as necessary as the air they breathe, to the comfort of the inhabitants of this highly respectable place.

"Tuesday, however, put the matter in a new light. The most interesting particulars were circulated on the highest authority. On Wednesday, the gentry in the neighbourhood took the matter up, and universally sanctioned the view adopted by the town. To-day, the public feeling has reached its climax, and I find myself under the necessity of making you acquainted with what has happened.

"To begin at the beginning. It is asserted that a correspondence took place last week between Major Milroy and yourself; in which you cast a very serious suspicion on Miss Gwilt's respectability, without defining your accusation, and without (on being applied to) producing your proofs. Upon this, the major appears to have felt it his duty (while assuring his governess of his own firm belief in her respectability) to inform her of what had happened, in order that she might have no future reason to complain of his having had any concealments from her in a matter affecting her character. Very magnanimous on the major's part; but you will see directly that Miss Gwilt was more magnanimous still. After expressing her thanks in a most becoming manner, she requested permission to withdraw herself from Major Milroy's service.

"Various reports are in circulation as to the governess's reason for taking this step.

"The authorized version (as sanctioned by the resident gentry) represents Miss Gwilt to have said that she could not condescend—in



justice to herself, and in justice to her highly respectable reference—to defend her reputation against undefined imputations cast on it by a comparative stranger. At the same time it was impossible for her to pursue such a course of conduct as this, unless she possessed a freedom of action which was quite incompatible with her continuing to occupy the dependent position of a governess. For that reason she felt it incumbent on her to leave her situation. But while doing this, she was equally determined not to lead to any mis-interpretation of her motives, by leaving the neighbourhood. No matter at what inconvenience to herself, she would remain long enough at Thorpe-Ambrose to await any more definitely-expressed imputations that might be made on her character, and to repel them publicly the instant they assumed a tangible form.

“Such is the position which this high-minded lady has taken up, with an excellent effect on the public mind in these parts. It is clearly her interest, for some reason, to leave her situation, without leaving the neighbourhood. On Monday last she established herself in a cheap lodging on the outskirts of the town. And on the same day, she probably wrote to her reference, for yesterday there came a letter from that lady to Major Milroy, full of virtuous indignation, and courting the fullest inquiry. The letter has been shown publicly, and has immensely strengthened Miss Gwilt’s position. She is now considered to be quite a heroine. The *Thorpe-Ambrose Mercury* has got a leading article about her, comparing her to Joan of Arc. It is considered probable that she will be referred to in the sermon next Sunday. We reckon five strong-minded single ladies in this neighbourhood—and all five have called on her. A testimonial was suggested; but it has been given up at Miss Gwilt’s own request, and a general movement is now on foot to get her employment as a teacher of music. Lastly, I have had the honour of a visit from the lady herself, in her capacity of martyr, to tell me, in the sweetest manner, that she doesn’t blame Mr. Armadale; and that she considers him to be an innocent instrument in the hands of other and more designing people. I was carefully on my guard with her; for I don’t altogether believe in Miss Gwilt, and I have my lawyer’s suspicions of the motive that is at the bottom of her present proceedings.

“I have written thus far, my dear sir, with little hesitation or embarrassment. But there is unfortunately a serious side to this business as well as a ridiculous side; and I must unwillingly come to it before I close my letter.

“It is, I think, quite impossible that you can permit yourself to be spoken of as you are spoken of now, without stirring personally in the matter. You have unluckily made many enemies here, and foremost among them is my colleague, Mr. Darch. He has been showing everywhere a somewhat rashly-expressed letter you wrote to him, on the subject of letting the cottage to Major Milroy instead of to himself; and it has helped to exasperate the feeling against you. It is roundly stated in so many words, that you have been prying into Miss Gwilt’s family affairs,

with the most dishonourable motives ; that you have tried, for a profligate purpose of your own, to damage her reputation, and to deprive her of the protection of Major Milroy's roof ; and that, after having been asked to substantiate by proof the suspicions that you have cast on the reputation of a defenceless woman, you have maintained a silence which condemns you in the estimation of all honourable men.

" I hope it is quite unnecessary for me to say that I don't attach the smallest particle of credit to these infamous reports. But they are too widely spread and too widely believed to be treated with contempt. I strongly urge you to return at once to this place, and to take the necessary measures for defending your character, in concert with me, as your legal adviser. I have formed, since my interview with Miss Gwilt, a very strong opinion of my own on the subject of that lady, which it is not necessary to commit to paper. Suffice it to say here, that I shall have a means to propose to you for silencing the slanderous tongues of your neighbours, on the success of which I stake my professional reputation, if you will only back me by your presence and authority.

" It may, perhaps, help to show you the necessity there is for your return, if I mention one other assertion respecting yourself, which is in everybody's mouth. Your absence is, I blush to tell you, attributed to the meanest of all motives. It is said that you are remaining in London because you are afraid to show your face at Thorpe-Ambrose.

" Believe me, dear sir, your faithful servant,

" A. PEDGIFT Sen'r."

Allan was of an age to feel the sting contained in the last sentence of his lawyer's letter. He started to his feet in a paroxysm of indignation, which revealed his character to Pedgift Junior in an entirely new light.

" Where's the time-table?" cried Allan. " I must go back to Thorpe-Ambrose by the next train ! If it doesn't start directly, I'll have a special engine. I must and will go back instantly, and I don't care two straws for the expense !"

" Suppose we telegraph to my father, sir?" suggested the judicious Pedgift. " It's the quickest way of expressing your feelings, and the cheapest."

" So it is," said Allan. " Thank you for reminding me of it. Telegraph to them ! Tell your father to give every man in Thorpe-Ambrose the lie direct, in my name. Put it in capital letters, Pedgift—put it in capital letters !"

Pedgift smiled and shook his head. If he was acquainted with no other variety of human nature, he thoroughly knew the variety that exists in country towns.

" It won't have the least effect on them, Mr. Armadale," he remarked quietly. " They'll only go on lying harder than ever. If you want to upset the whole town, one line will do it. With five shilling'sworth of human labour and electric fluid, sir (I dabble a little in science after

business hours), we'll explode a bombshell in Thorpe-Ambrose!" He produced the bombshell on a slip of paper as he spoke:—"A. Pedgift Junior, to A. Pedgift Senior.—Spread it all over the place that Mr. Armadale is coming down by the next train."

"More words," suggested Allan, looking over his shoulder. "Make it stronger."

"Leave my father to make it stronger, sir," returned the judicious Pedgift. "My father is on the spot—and his command of language is something quite extraordinary." He rang the bell, and despatched the telegram.

Now that something had been done, Allan subsided gradually into a state of composure. He looked back again at Mr. Pedgift's letter, and then handed it to Mr. Pedgift's son.

"Can you guess your father's plan for setting me right in the neighbourhood?" he asked.

Pedgift the younger shook his wise head. "His plan appears to be connected in some way, sir, with his opinion of Miss Gwilt."

"I wonder what he thinks of her?" said Allan.

"I shouldn't be surprised, Mr. Armadale," returned Pedgift Junior, "if his opinion staggers you a little, when you come to hear it. My father has had a large legal experience of the shady side of the sex—and he learnt his profession at the Old Bailey."

Allan made no further inquiries. He seemed to shrink from pursuing the subject, after having started it himself. "Let's be doing something to kill the time," he said. "Let's pack up, and pay the bill."

They packed up, and paid the bill. The hour came, and the train left for Norfolk at last.

While the travellers were on their way back, a somewhat longer telegraphic message than Allan's was flashing its way past them along the wires, in the reverse direction—from Thorpe-Ambrose to London. The message was in cypher, and the signs being interpreted, it ran thus:—

"From Lydia Gwilt to Maria Oldershaw—Good news! He is coming back. I mean to have an interview with him. Everything looks well. Now I have left the cottage, I have no women's prying eyes to dread, and I can come and go as I please. Mr. Midwinter is luckily out of the way. I don't despair of becoming Mrs. Armadale yet. Whatever happens, depend on my keeping away from London, until I am certain of not taking any spies after me to your place. I am in no hurry to leave Thorpe-Ambrose. I mean to be even with Miss Milroy first."

Shortly after that message was received in London, Allan was back again in his own house. It was evening—Pedgift Junior had just left him—and Pedgift Senior was expected to call on business in half an hour's time.

## Harvest.

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OF all the daughters of the year, as Mr. Tennyson so prettily designates the months—albeit they are of the masculine gender—August combines within itself the greatest number of attractions. There is a fresh, green innocence about May which is very charming so long as she continues to smile upon you; but as soon as you begin to think that she is likely to be all sunshine, she takes care to rebuke your presumption by a sudden blast of east wind, or a storm of driving hail. June is less capricious; but June, too, with all her rich beauty, has her fits of frost and cold. But towards the middle of July, or the beginning of August, summer, so to speak, begins to know its own mind; and then, if the season is a fine one, you come at last to taste its full warmth and beauty without any feeling of insecurity. The last waggon-loads of hay will just be winding homeward through the lanes, under the shadow of the stately elms, and the first shade of yellow will be colouring the surface of the wheat-fields, as we look down upon some central English landscape on the fateful day of St. Swithin. The corn-harvest, however, is always associated with autumn, although the autumn quarter rarely begins until all the corn, south at least of the Trent, is carried; and in this sense autumn has this year trodden more sharply on the heels of summer than we can ever recollect it to have done. But the result has been a richer combination of the elements of rural beauty than is usual at this season of the year. The exquisite green of the new-mown meadows, more brilliant this July than ever, was not kept waiting till its first freshness had gone off, for that beautiful contrast with the gold upon the hill-side which every lover of Nature knows and prizes so dearly. The yellow hair and the emerald girdle stood revealed together; and a more radiant and lovely specimen of an English summer than we experienced this year, from the middle of July to the beginning of the second week in August, is in all probability not within the memory of man.

The harvest has, we say, been unusually early; and we have now before us, as we write these words, all its busy and jocund life, all its wealth of colour, and picturesqueness of incident, thrown, as it were, into the very lap of summer, before a single blade of grass has withered, or a single leaf begun to fade. It is certainly the most cheerful period of the rural year. The hay harvest is a cheerful time, too, but it is not half so long; and it is out of the corn-gathering that the labourer makes his annual coup, in the shape of wages, which sets him on his legs again—as far, poor fellow, as he can ever be said to be on his legs at all—for the ensuing year. Few sights are more pleasing and exhilarating than

the groups of reapers and mowers who are now to be met with in all the lanes and roads around a country village, just as the light fades into darkness, or gives way before the clear and mellowed lustre of the harvest-moon, returning merrily, if wearily home, after their long day's work. Their sunburnt faces still more highly coloured by heat, and it may be by beer likewise, wear a happy and good-humoured look at this season, which is not always to be found on them. They wish you good-night as they pass, in a franker and more friendly tone than usual. And these signs of human joy, combined with all the evidence of plenty lying round about one, enable a man, for the moment, to cheat himself into a real belief in the superiority of rural felicity. As the days go by, these groups grow scarcer, and are replaced by the heavy creaking waggons, piled high into the air with sheaves, accompanied by two or three boys, hot and shouting, a more staid-looking rustic by the side of the horses, and another, probably lounging at his ease upon the load. The very horses, at such times, as they strain up the last bit of hill before they reach the village, seem under some exceptional excitement, as if they too were conscious of the good time, and cordially sympathized with the feelings of their human friends. And then what a scene of vigorous active work, of rustic "chaff" and geniality, is the stack-yard! The waggon is soon drawn up alongside the fast-rising rick, the horses are taken out, and sent back with an empty wain to the field; and then begins the process of stacking, and what is technically known as "pitching." The men who stand upon the stack, adjust the shocks as they receive them, and two men stand below in the waggon to "pitch" them up to their companions. This work of "pitching" is supposed to be the hardest of all, and is generally done under the eye of the master, who frequently plies a fork himself, just to keep his men up to the mark. Mr. Poyser, our readers will remember, comes in hot and dusty from "pitching," to meet the old squire at the Hall Farm, when the question arises of his giving up some of his "plough-land" to a new comer.

The crop which is usually the first to fall before scythe or sickle is the oat crop. Oats, however, are almost always mown, not reaped, and they are rather a ticklish crop to get in, because if suffered to remain standing till they become the least overripe, they are apt to sheath, as it is called, that is, shed the grain most copiously. After the oats comes the wheat; and if the claim of a field of barley and one of wheat on the score of ripeness be about equal, the barley comes last. Generally speaking, however, the barley crop is a little later than the other two. The amount which one man can cut in a day varies with the condition of the crop. Half-an-acre we believe to be the average quantity. When the straw is unusually thick, or the crop much beaten down by the wind, he cannot do more than a quarter. Wages vary in proportion. The average rate in the midland counties is fourteen shillings and sixpence an acre, so that each man will be earning his seven and three-pence a day, or more than two guineas a week. In corn that has been much beaten and twisted by

violent winds, perhaps double that pay is given, but the men earn no more, while the work is a great deal more fatiguing. The full work of harvest lasts perhaps about five weeks in any one locality, so that those labourers who get constant employment throughout the time can live well during the period, and find themselves six or seven pounds in pocket at the end of it. These harvest earnings are most important; they wipe off the score at the village shop, at the butcher's, baker's, and shoemaker's. It is only by these means that the English peasant, even where wages are esteemed pretty good, contrives to make both ends meet. No man with a wife and family of five or six children can live and pay his way on ten shillings a week. He must get in debt, and harvest just gets him out of it. The hay time of course helps him; and in the hay-field, too, his wife and daughters can earn something. But all put together will not do more than set him straight.

It is a curious sight at the gate of any field where the last load or two of wheat is being thrown up, to watch the gradually increasing group of women and children all pressing forward to the front as eagerly as the crowd on Boxing night at the entrance to a London theatre.

Orantes primi transmittere cursum,

decrepit old dames of eighty, down to toddling little brats of three or four; sturdy matrons, and here and there a pretty girl of eighteen, whose ancles have been rather spoiled by clumsy boots, and whose arms are redder than one would wish, but whose trim waist, bright hazel eye, and thick brown hair, make a considerable array of charms. Many wear those large old-fashioned bonnets of which we do not know the proper name, but which always remind us of those equally old-fashioned leather flops which used at one time to be set on the top of farm-horses' collars. Others have bright-coloured handkerchiefs, chiefly red and yellow, twisted round their heads, which add greatly to the picturesque effect of the whole scene; and all wait impatiently for the signal that their turn has come at last. These, reader, are the gleaners; a class of people dearer to the artist, be he poet or painter, than they are to the farmer or the sportsman. The former has to watch very carefully to see that their husbands, brothers, and sweethearts do not treat them as the reapers of Boaz were instructed to treat Ruth, and let them "even glean among the sheaves," or "let fall also some of the handfuls on purpose." The latter has—how often?—cursed them, not only deeply, but loudly also, when on coming up to a fine piece of wheat-stubble, which he was sure must hold a covey or two of birds, he has found it dotted over from end to end with these vagrant camp-followers of the agricultural army—who tell him with perfect *sang froid*, and indeed with the air of conveying a most welcome piece of intelligence, that "a sight o' partridges went into them tatures this morning." The "tatures" in question being out of the poor wretch's beat. But after all they are a very pretty adjunct of harvest-time; and we should be heartily sorry if any invention of science should blot them



from our autumn landscapes. As our young friend with the hazel eyes returns from her work—her tucked-up apron swelled almost to bursting, and a large bundle on her shoulders, whence the protruding ears of corn, mingling with her dishevelled hair, form a natural and becoming head-dress—you might search far and wide for a prettier object to look upon. The practice of mowing wheat, however, which is rapidly on the increase, to say nothing of the reaping-machine, which makes still cleaner work of it, is, we fear, tending fast to destroy this good old custom. But few ears of corn are left upon the ground under either of these two processes, and when they become universal, the gleaner will scarcely find her labour pay.

But when reaping, and carrying, and gleanng are all over, another crop yet remains to be got in, of no small consequence to the farmer in many parts of England—we mean the beans. The contrast between the ripe bean-field in October, and the flowering bean-field in June, is extremely painful. Nothing is sweeter, and few things prettier, than the latter; few more dismal than the former. The pods turn quite black, and the stalks nearly so, and the whole crop wears a funereal aspect, befitting indeed the last dying days of heat and sunshine in which the bean-harvest is usually gathered, but damping one's spirits none the less. As you look down from an eminence over any wide extent of country in which beans are cultivated, these dark black patches interspersed everywhere between green fields, and soft-shining stubbles, present a most desolate appearance, as if the country had been burned, or partially laid waste by an invader. A good bit of foul beans, though, left standing through September, is a capital thing for the partridge-shooters, especially in these days, when all the stubbles are mown, all the turnips drilled, and all the hedges grubbed up. As a reason for rejoicing and so forth, beans are not thought much of by the peasant mind. The reaping and carrying of them seem to create none of the excitement which attends on the wheat and on the barley. The sombre hue of the plant communicates itself we suppose to the rustic intelligence. And it is not always reckoned as a regular part of "harvest." Harvest is often said to be over when all the corn is in, whatever beans may still be out. The villager, perhaps, regards them as a sort of connecting link between corn and turnips—something much inferior to the first, though nobler than the second; something certainly which would not by itself justify a harvest-home.

Generally speaking, the last thing of all which is cleared off the farmer's ground, is the clover. Sometimes this is fed off by sheep, and sometimes it is mown, made, and regularly stacked. When the clover is mown, then we generally feel that the harvest is indeed over, and that reaper and mower alike have hung up their tools till another year has passed away. Not but what early clover is often mown in patches for fodder, when fodder is scarce. We are speaking of that which is left to grow fully ripe, and to be stacked and stored like hay.

It is remarkable that the farmers complain, in many places, that they cannot get the same amount of work out of their men as their fathers used to get; and they add that they must have machinery to compensate for the falling off in human thews and sinews. If this complaint be only one other note of the regular agricultural growl, we may dismiss it from consideration; but if there be any element of truth in it, the assertion becomes extremely interesting; for to what does it point? It must point to one of two things: either that the labourer will not work as he used, or that he cannot. But that sudden rebellion against toil—that determination not to “slave to death” which is at the bottom of the “won’t”—is generally found only in men whose hearts have waxed fat with plenty, and not in men situated as many of our peasantry are. We cannot imagine, then, that the inferiority complained of is the wilful and deliberate doing of the workmen themselves, in the majority of our rural districts, though we know it to be in some. If, then, we fall back upon the other alternative, and suppose that their strength is really less, how are we to account for that? Is it indeed true that the present generation of English peasantry are worse off than the last; that they get, that is, smaller supplies of nourishing food, less warmth, and worse clothing? In some agricultural districts with which we are acquainted, the labourers could hardly be worse off than they are now; but whether they were ever better off is another question. For the last two or three years meat has been extremely dear, but the dearness has not lasted long enough to have permanently affected any large class of the community, while at the same time it has been to a large extent neutralized by the cheapness of other articles of food. We own we incline to deny the original proposition, or if there be any truth in it we should prefer to set it down to the marked deterioration which has taken place in one important article of the poor man’s diet—we mean his beer. What great agricultural champion will arise to deliver the unhappy labourer from the tyranny of the local brewer, at whose hands he is now obliged to drink stuff which even the publican who sells it cannot defend—which stupifies without intoxicating, and neither slakes his thirst, strengthens his limbs, nor cheers his spirits? Labourers at harvest should always, if possible, have their beer from the farmer.

From one peculiar supply of harvest labour the English farmer has been finding himself cut off more and more every year. Who cannot remember the groups of ragged figures, and half humorous, half savage faces, which ten or eleven or a dozen years ago were always to be met with about harvest time, trudging along the turnpike roads, or reposing on the roadside turf, examining their bundles, or counting their coppers? These were detachments of the great immigration of Celts, who used every August to pour over into this island with the most commendable regularity, and having pocketed what they could of our cash, returned to rail at the Saxon. They still come, but not in the same numbers as formerly. Famine and the sword have done their work, and thousands of stalwart frames lie mouldering in the soil of Virginia, which were once as familiar

as the swallow to the farmsteads of Warwickshire and Northamptonshire. A scanty remnant still dribbles across the Channel, but still sufficiently numerous to render railway travelling in August a more than usually hazardous undertaking. The style in which these unfortunate strangers rush up and down a railway platform, thrusting their matted heads and long reaping hooks into the windows of every carriage in search of Pat, or Tim, or Mike, is exceedingly alarming under any circumstances. But if in a sudden fit of economy you have been rash enough to take a third-class ticket, it is positively appalling. Not contented with brandishing the tools of their trade in a menacing and ferocious manner, they occasionally give utterance to what would appear to be the war-cry of their tribe, if anything rouses them to wrath; a wild unmeaning howl, which as Edie Ochiltree would have said, is "mair like a dog's language than a man's." It is certainly only half human. For these reasons railway travelling during harvest time, in counties still frequented by the Irish, is not to be lightly adventured on; nor when begun, to be pursued without constant vigilance, meditation, and prayer.

Once in the field, however, the Irishman ceases to be a nuisance, and becomes a most serviceable, sober, and indefatigable workman. He toils like a machine, lives hard—far harder than Englishmen could do—and reserves all his drinking for Sundays. His ordinary refreshment is coffee. This he brews in a primitive and simple fashion. He begs the loan of a pail and a gallon of boiling water in the farm-yard. He tosses a pound or two of coffee into the bucket, pours the boiling water upon it, and his breakfast, dinner, or supper, as the case may be, is ready for him. Sunday, however, is a gala day. The gang club their money together, purchase a cask of beer, and retiring into the shade of some friendly hedge-row, there drink confusion to the Saxon and redress to the wrongs of Ould Ireland till the barrel is empty, and they themselves are reduced to the blissful unconsciousness of swine. In a heathen land, as doubtless they consider England to be, this would seem to them the most fitting mode of testifying their contempt for a Sabbath which is hallowed by no Christian rites.

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## The Atlantic Telegraph.

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THAT was a joyous hopeful morning, that 23rd July, in the Kingdom of Kerry, and over all the adjacent royalty of the island of Valencia, for from the recondite Bay of Foilhummerum there was to go forth a thread across the sea, down in the depths of the Atlantic, to take up the warp and woof of the web with which these remote Irishry have bound themselves to the Western world. It was indeed a microcosm on the edge of the cliffs and people of very different condition and degree had been attracted there by the influence of the Atlantic cable. There sat the lady of May Fair in the affected coarseness of her sea-side finery, watching the beat of the sidling wave on the boulders at her feet, and around her wide-eyed in fluttering rags wandered and wondered the unkempt children of the natives, gathering and eating sea-weed from the rocks. The London millionaire sauntered through the crowd of weather-beaten dejected men, half fishermen, half husbandmen, who struggle generation after generation against an unfruitful soil and rude seas for half a livelihood. Dandy capitalists as they lay on the sward (the centres of circles of rustic admirers) talked of Goodwood and grouse through a hum of Erse. The most ancient type of pig known to these isles scratched his long line of rattling ribs against the newest form of telegraph posts. Beside the hut, almost as destitute of internal comfort as an Indian wigwam, rose the smart telegraph house, stored with the subtlest instruments for measuring the subdued lightning. All the energy, polish, and speculative mind of civilization were in close contact with the lassitude, gaunt uncouthness, and passive indifference of a race which is now animated only by the hope of exile and emigration.

It was a serious disappointment to the many who had journeyed a hundred miles for the sight, that the *Great Eastern* did not come to Valencia or close in shore. But they are used to disappointments, even in potatoes. Nor did the men-of-war give them a chance; but the *Hawk* and the *Caroline* rolled thrice as much as any vessels else could do; and besides, the *Princess Alexandra* Ballast-Board yacht was there, so that what with a few yachts, and the pleasant presence of the Chief Secretary, and strange Saxon cablemen in knickerbockers, and fair Saxon ladies in kirtles, and some streaks of smoke on the horizon, there was really a good deal of interest and excitement provided for the masses on the occasion. It was a great thing to see the shore-end carried up into the telegraph house, and many forms of nose were obtuzed in curious planes against its windows, in order to keep the eager eyes fixed on the operators, who were then generally engaged in operating on

meats and drinks. It was greater still to behold that famous roller, the *Caroline*, steam out westward, trailing the shore-end after her, till she ran below the horizon altogether. The Knight of Kerry—hospitable, gracious Lord of Valencia, who has faith in some unproven theorem that the cable will work much good to his kingdom—worked as hard as if the good would at once come to pass. And at last the time comes when the *Great Eastern* is to begin her functions, and the operation of laying the Atlantic Cable really commences. Now, in a few words, let us endeavour to understand what that operation was—correct some errors, and make a few reflections, premising that our readers are supposed to be fully acquainted with the details of the Diary published in the newspapers. The cable stowed in the *Great Eastern* was of a form recommended by a committee of scientific and practical men. There was not a moment during which it was let alone, and on all occasions it responded to the tests. Therefore it was considered so perfect that “a fault” was not expected to occur in the laying down. There are many people who don’t know what “a fault” is—who are ignorant of the meaning of “dead earth.” Let us explain—

When the insulation of the core of the cable is perfect, there is a certain amount of resistance to the passage of an electric current through it which is measured by the deflection of a suspended magnet, to which is attached a tiny mirror, so placed as to catch the light of a lamp through a small aperture, and to reflect it on a graduated index. This is a description of Thomson’s galvanometer. The movement of the light measures the opposition encountered by the current in going along the copper, and when the resistance is diminished very much the magnet is proportionably deflected by the increased flow of electricity, and the light moves to the extremity of the scale or vanishes off it altogether. Now if an injury be done to the gutta percha, so that the copper is exposed to the action of a conducting body, the escape of the current takes place from the hole in accordance with certain fixed laws—part going off to the conductor, and part continuing its course along the copper to the end of the cable. The escape is at once detected by the galvanometer, and the electricians know “a fault” has occurred. Sometimes the electro-chemical current, by temporary deposits of gas or salts of copper in the injury, mends the fault; and if the wound be not very large, so as to lay bare the copper in contact with a conducting medium, there is generally enough of current to transmit signals. But, as a rule, the tendency of “faults” is to increase rapidly; so that a cable in which one is detected cannot be considered at all safe, and may indeed become useless in a moment. “Dead earth” is a deadly fault. It means that an injury has been caused to the gutta percha of such a nature that a perfect contact has been established between the copper core and some other good conductor; and in that case all the current passes away, and the galvanometer indicates that there is no resistance to its passage—the insulation of the cable being destroyed, so that no message whatever can be sent by it. There is no course to be

pursued when "dead earth" occurs but to take up the cable and remove the injured portion; and if that cannot be done, to abandon the enterprise and consider the portion which is laid as useless for electrical purposes. In the case of "a fault," the judgment of the electricians is called into play, and they have to decide whether it is of such a description as to render it imperative for the engineers to undertake the risk of picking up the cable and taking it out, or if it can be worked through with reasonable chances of endurance. To guide them to a decision, they generally try to "break down" the fault, as it is called, by increasing the battery power so much as to produce "dead earth" by the action of the current; in which case the cable must be taken up, and if they fail, they may work through the wire with a reduced number of cells.

By wonderful application and close watching, by the nicest calculations, by exquisite instruments, by tabulated formulæ in which the agency of heat, of water-pressure, of conductivity, of induction, of the subtlest physical laws is reduced to appreciable results, electricians are enabled to work up to the "fault" or "dead earth" miles and miles away in the depths of the Atlantic, and to estimate its distance and its magnitude. When the "fault" or "dead earth" is hauled on board, they can detect the place at once; the injured piece is removed, and a splice and joint are made between the severed ends of the cable. This is done by laying bare the copper wires, filing them to a neat section like the splices of a fishing-rod, soldering them over, binding the splice with fine wire, and then, by means of a lamp, covering it with layer after layer of gutta-percha and Chatterton's non-conducting compound till it is in a fit state to have the lengths of protecting wire covered with manilla drawn down and twisted together over it, so as to make the joint stronger than the original cable. That done, the cable is handed over to the engineers, who resume the process of paying out.

The gentleman in charge of the electrical arrangements and testing of the cable was Mr. de Sauty, the experienced electrician of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, assisted by Mr. Saunders, Mr. Willoughby Smith, and other able and zealous officers of the company's staff. The principal person on board the ship was Mr. S. Canning, engineer of the company, who superintended the paying out and picking up, and who was charged with the control of the whole expedition; and next to him was Mr. Clifford, who was the head of the mechanical department. Both these gentlemen were assisted by Messrs. Temple and an able and experienced staff, and had under their orders a corps of cable-layers, smiths, artificers, and skilful mechanics of all kinds. Captain Anderson, one of the officers of the Cunard line of steamers, was in command of the *Great Eastern*; and as he rightly considered that in critical moments all his attention would be demanded by the management of the vast ship, application was made to the Lords of the Admiralty for the assistance of an officer who would take charge of the navigation; and Staff Commander Moriarty, of the *Fox*, whose services on board the



*Agamemnon*, in 1858, ought to make his name familiar to the public, was allowed leave of absence for the purpose of giving his aid to Captain Anderson. They worked together with the utmost zeal and harmony; and in all their calculations, made under the greatest difficulties, agreed within a few seconds as to the ship's position after drifting in unknown currents amid fogs and storm.

There were two companies represented on board. The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company had chartered the *Great Eastern* to lay the cable they had contracted to put down from Valencia to Newfoundland for the Atlantic Telegraph Company; and their officers had the sole control of the expedition and all matters connected with it; but on the completion of the work the representatives of the Atlantic Telegraph Company took possession of the cable and came into power. Mr. Field, as Director of the New York board, and general representative of the company, was in possession of the test messages enclosed in sealed envelopes, which were to be opened as soon as the cable was declared to be in readiness for their transmission.

Mr. Varley, eminent as an electrician, was strictly enjoined not to interfere or to express an opinion concerning any of the operations in the testing-room. He was ordered by his board not even to give his advice if he were asked for it, unless the demand were made in writing, and in that case he was only to answer in writing, and to insert in the written document a distinct declaration that the opinion so given was not in any way to bind the company which he represented. Professor W. Thomson of Glasgow, whose name is known over Europe, and who is certainly one of the most distinguished and acute physicists in the world, was admitted on board as a sort of scientific aide-de-camp to Mr. Varley, but he was not to depart from the course indicated by the board to his principal. So there were two gentlemen, full of suggestions and ideas and formulas, reduced to silence—two great guns, spiked as it were, but charged to the muzzle. They were nigh bursting, and no wonder; no wonder, too, if they were driven to resent unconsciously the position in which they were placed by large speculative discourses in private, and by rigid critical remarks, which must in such cases assume a censorial character. In the gravest discussions they held no part. The only way in which they could give utterance to their feelings was by asking questions.

Captain Hamilton, one of the directors of the Atlantic Company, was stationed at Valencia to receive the test messages and to enter on possession of the station at Foilhummerum as soon as the task of the contractors was over. Mr. Gooch represented the *Great Eastern* directors on board the ship. Among the passengers not directly engaged in the operation were M. Jules Despescher, of Paris, the author of a scheme for laying an Atlantic cable from the Peninsula, *via* the Azores and St. Pierre, to America; Dr. W. H. Russell, engaged to write a history of Atlantic telegraphy, who subsequently acceded to the request of the directors of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company to compile a *Diary* of the proceed-

ings on board; Mr. R. Dudley, who was to illustrate the book; Mr. J. C. Deane; Mr. H. O'Neil, the distinguished painter of "Eastward, Ho!" and "Westward, Ho!" and several young gentlemen, to whom, in various capacities, the directors had granted passages. As Mr. Seward was in a restive mood, he would not recommend President Johnson to order any United States man-of-war to accompany the expedition, but as the capital was almost exclusively English, the work English, and the companies English, their absence was only to be regretted as an indication of Mr. Seward's ill-health and pettishness.

The Admiralty commissioned H.M.S. *Terrible*, Captain Napier, to accompany the *Great Eastern*, and ordered H.M.S. *Sphinx*, Captain V. Hamilton, destined for the North American station, to proceed across in company, and to take soundings for the use of the expedition; and Admiral Hope was directed to station vessels off Trinity Bay to meet it, and to render the undertaking all the aid in his power. Thus far everything seemed to promise well, and as one of the directors said, "If we fail to lay the cable now, it will be owing to some trivial circumstance we cannot foresee or guard against." The *Great Eastern* was in good condition for the voyage, and only wanted some repairs to her boilers, and the removal of many tons of mussels and barnacles from her bottom, to make her in the best possible form for speed and stability. Her floats were, however, reefed, so that her maximum speed was not more than nine knots an hour, which was two knots more than the highest rate at which it was intended to pay out the cable. Provisions in abundance—droves of oxen, flocks of sheep, farm-yards of poultry, geese, and ducks, tons of ice, furnished materials for monster bills of fare; and the crowing of cocks in the early morning, the bleating and baying of sheep, the cackling of geese and quacking of ducks intermingled strangely with the puffing and blowing of donkey-engines, and the hiss and rush of the great Atlantic waves which seethed around us. As for the lowing of kine and oxen, it was soon cut short, for a murrain came on the cattle, which were killed to save their lives day after day, till not one was left. We did not know till our return that a pestilence had broken out among the bovinae in England.

The decks of the ship were perforated with more chimneys than I could ever count. They seemed to grow and die in the course of a night—one here, another there. Great iron cranes stood up stiffly, as if they had mistaken the ship for a quay-wall, and had got on board by accident. Carpenters' benches, forges, anvils, were mixed up with a flotilla of boats, all got in-board (except two for fear of "a man overboard"), in order to be out of the way of the cable-stoppers all over the deck; and, turn which way we might, it was nigh hopeless to try and evade the volumes of smoke which were hurled out of smoke-stacks and funnels, bow amidships and astern. The first evening of our starting was delightful, but at night the rumble of machinery as the cable flew out was too pronounced to be quite agreeable. That, however, was so monotonous and regular that we

soon grew used to it, and at length liked it so much, that the sight of the wheels revolving, and jockeys jumping up and down, was positively agreeable and exhilarating. And when the noise ceased, and the wheels stood still astern, there was gloom in the ship, as when the engine itself becomes motionless in some ill-fated craft with a lee-shore not far distant. Proportionately to our confidence and good spirits was the shock which came early next morning, when the stoppage of the vessel woke every sleeper, and words, "There's a fault overboard," at once dispelled the delusion that the *Great Eastern* was about to run over in one easy uninterrupted course to Trinity Bay. There was a gathering around the testing room, in which the batteries and wire ends and galvanometers are worked, and which is darkened by curtains in order that the ray from the mirror already mentioned may be watched more easily. Then as time wore on, and, as it appeared, electricians did not know, owing to the varying nature of the fault, whether it existed 20 or 40 miles away, or indeed whether it was not at the shore-end close to Valencia, a feeling of disappointment and doubt began to arise, which was not at all decreased when it was decided to haul up the cable till the fault was discovered. By a few hours study and observation we had become accustomed to one process, and the mode in which it was effected, and we had no curiosity to see the reverse operation.

When all was ready, the word was given to "cut the cable," and the executioner having a sharp saw in his hand approached his unconscious victim as it reposed somewhere in the neighbourhood of the jockey wheels, and with two or three rasps divided the iron sinews and copper marrow, so that the seaward end was drawn astern, and then with chain and hawser and wire rope splashed into the sea; that always made one jump. But after a moment it was seen that the wire rope which sawed up and down through the water, held on stiffly to something or other. When the end was over, stoppers were let go with much shouting from point to point of the side, but it happened sometimes that wire rope had to be let go after the cable ere the ship could be brought round with her bow to the point where her stern had been when the cable was being paid out, and it was quite necessary that her bow should be turned eastwards instead of westwards before the picking-up operation was commenced, as an oblique strain would have been dangerous. The wire rope being secured at the bows was slowly hauled in by the picking-up machinery when the proper position of the ship had been attained. This apparatus consisted of a series of V wheels, drum wheels and spur wheels, worked by two small steam engines on the deck, which were supplied with steam by boilers at the sides of the ship near the bow. There was a dynamometer and an indicator, and breaks and breaksmen, but it seemed to me as if one of the engines, at all events, was an old affair, and the other, if new, certainly did not rejoice in youthful strength and efficiency, for its eccentric got out of gear, and had to be helped with a handspike and an elastic bandage. If "paying out" very soon became monotonous in its

regularity, if cutting and letting go the cable was always exciting, it must be confessed that "taking in" never for a moment suffered the men to rest, and that "picking-up" combined tediousness and feverish excitement to a degree never equalled, except in some masterly surgical operation. Not a soul save some solitary sailor on duty was visible near the stern, which had but a few moments before contained all the energy of official life, curiosity, and amateur observation of the floating town. To the bows they clustered—officers and all, and gazed down on the black cable, which was always animated with a strenuous *vis inertiae*, and fought as hard as the sea-serpent himself against the force which brought it in over the wheel at the bow. There again Mr. Canning, Mr. Clifford, and their staff directed and regulated. Captain Anderson now watched the cable as it was strained upwards—now stood on the bridge, keeping his eye on the head of the ship, and giving orders for her management, and the acoustic tube and whistle which was carried from the bow to the bridge communicated the various demands to "go ahead with the screw," or "to turn astern," or "to stop her," which the varying relations of ship and cable demanded.

When the first piece of wire was found in the cable, no one had any idea but that it was there by accident; and as the cable was perfect up to the moment of sending the last tests from the ship to the shore, it at once occurred to us that the wire had been driven into the cable whilst it was passing through the machinery astern. But when the fault of July 29th was examined, a strong suspicion was at once aroused that the injury was caused by some villain on board, for the wire was driven in an artistic manner right through the cable from side to side. Several attempts to pierce the cable by pressing similar pieces of wire against it with the heel utterly failed. The men declared it was the work of an assassin. Had he been caught, the world might have heard something of an attempt to administer Lynch law. One man was suspected, but there was no evidence against him. When the last fault took place, M. Despescher, on guard in the tank, saw one of the cablemen stoop down to tie his shoe-string. That was nothing, if men were not suspicious. Besides that man did not belong to the gang then at work, but came down before his time. Then Mr. Field, who followed M. Despescher, heard a scraping of wire, and the men heard it too, and called out to the man on deck.

Some people seem to think that the mischief could have been avoided if the man on deck had heard the alarm, but that is not so, as the cable could not then have been arrested in its course overboard. The only advantage gained would have been the warning to the electricians, that a wire had gone over sticking out of the cable. As it is, the nature of the third fault must be a mystery for the present. It is only surmise that it was caused by another end of wire. An examination of the cable shook all faith in its alleged perfection, for it was found that several pieces of wire were broken in the coils, and some of the wire proved to be brittle

and ill-tempered. This discovery allayed the excitement caused by the suspicion of malice, but it damnified the character of the cable, as it revealed a strong suicidal tendency on its part. As yet that grave question of accident or design is undecided. Our subsequent exploit, however, tends to diminish the chances of malicious injury materially. For who will run the risk of detection, especially under the close inspection to be established in future, in order to inflict an injury which can be at once found out, and which can be hooked up from the deepest part of the Atlantic? A few words as to the grappling which has excited so much attention. The final breakage of the cable took us all by surprise. Nothing was ready. No buoy could be slipped over. But Staff Commander Moriarty and Captain Anderson determined the exact position of the extreme part of the cable actually laid to be in lat.  $51^{\circ} 24' 40''$  N., long.  $39^{\circ} 4' 30''$  W.—to the actual seconds,—and then they marked down the ground or sea gone over in the picking up till the cable broke, and traced the end to lat.  $51^{\circ} 25'$ , long.  $39^{\circ} 1'$ . On noon of the 3rd, the *Great Eastern* having steamed and drifted in a fog 46 miles E. of the end of cable, began to grapple, caught cable in 2,000 fathoms, and slipped buoy No. 1 close to the line of cable and 10 miles W. of the first lift of it on August 4. Then she drifted 7 or 8 miles S.E. of the buoy in a fog till noon of 5th August, and at noon on 6th August she was 16 miles further to the eastward, enveloped in fog again, and had to steam to the westward, groping her way and looking for the buoy till she got within 3 miles of the broken end, and grappled the cable again. Then, when the second swivel broke on August 8th, she slipped buoy No. 2 to mark the spot, some 10 miles W. of buoy No. 1, and left these two marks on the ocean when she was obliged to abandon the attempt. Sailors alone can appreciate the extraordinary skill displayed in the proceedings thus simply stated.

The results of the Atlantic Telegraph Expeditions of 1857, 1858, and 1865 fairly analyzed, present the following general conclusions:—A submarine cable can be laid between Ireland and Newfoundland, for it was done in 1858. Messages can be sent through a cable so laid, even if it were not perfectly insulated. The difficulties in the laying of a submarine cable are much diminished by the use of one ship instead of two, and the *Great Eastern* affords singular facilities for the operation. If a cable be broken, it can be caught by grapnels in the deepest water of the Atlantic plateau; and therefore the danger of losing it altogether from fracture is considerably diminished. The cable can be stopped when a fault is discovered, and ten miles of it can be hauled on board from a depth of more than two miles. A fault can be cut out, and the cable re-spliced on board with the greatest ease. Buoys can be moored in upwards of 2,000 fathoms of water, so as to ride out a gale without shifting. Faults, whether designed or accidental, can be almost immediately detected and remedied. The insulation of the cable is much improved by immersion. The cable is capable of bearing ten times the weight to which it is subjected in the

process of paying out in 2,400 fathoms. The paying-out machinery answers perfectly; the picking-up machinery is exceedingly imperfect; and finally, it is most desirable to have a cable so constructed that the outer covering shall, if possible, be proof against injury; for, although the cable furnished by "The Construction and Maintenance Company" was exceedingly pliable, sank easily, and was of proper specific gravity, it appears to have been liable to accidental or intentional damage. Could the cable have been paid out without the occurrence of a fault, the *Great Eastern* would have accomplished her task with as much ease and certainty as the packet boat travels from Folkestone to Boulogne. Picking-up must always be attended with a certain amount of risk; the risk indeed may be much diminished by the construction of a proper apparatus; but the principal improvement to be effected lies in obviating the necessity of transferring the end of the cable from the stern to the bow. There is no reason of a mechanical nature to prevent the paying-out apparatus being so adjusted as to have a reverse action, and, by the aid of steam, to be fitted for hauling in the cable; but if it shall be found undesirable to unite these two functions in the one machine, there is certainly no solid objection to the erection of a picking-up apparatus astern, side by side with the paying-out machinery. Nautically there is a difficulty. A large ship, particularly the *Great Eastern*, will not go stern to windward or keep to the sea; but Mr. Gooch has proposed the means of steering the *Great Eastern* stern foremost by means of a small double screw placed at the stern, under her quarter, which promises effectually to obviate any difficulty in working picking-up machinery placed in the stern of the vessel. Although the grappling of a cable at the bottom of the ocean was a very great feat, it may be at once admitted no one ever contemplated the possibility of effecting it. What has yet to be proved after all is whether the cable can be taken up from the bottom to the surface, and secured on board the vessel?

It may be observed that the cable only weighs fourteen hundred-weight per mile in the water, and that it is made to bear the strain of seven miles of its own weight; but we have already seen that such calculations are not to be relied upon; swivel-bolts and hawsers gave way at strains far inferior to the estimated breaking-point. In grappling for the cable, the point to be aimed at is one mile or so from the broken end; because if the grapnel catches there, the loose end as it comes up will hang perpendicularly for a certain distance from the grapnel with a line of cable hooked at the other side, and will, in all probability, become entwined with it as the wire rope revolves in the water whilst it is being pulled up to the bow. Should the grapnel catch the cable at a point eight or ten miles from the end, it may be found necessary to bear upon the cable till it breaks, in order to get the end for the purposes just mentioned.

There are no currents at the bottom of the Atlantic—all is a black void, in which it is doubtful if there is a trace of life, or light, or motion; it is asserted that star fish, with minute and almost microscopic shell fish



in their stomachs, have been taken up from the bottom of the Atlantic; and, as there were traces of colour on their bodies, it has been argued that the light must penetrate the abyss to a certain extent; but our reasoning on these points is as likely to be fallacious as our knowledge is limited, and the only positive information we have is that the bottom where the cable lies consists of the finest ooze, and that there is no current or agitation of the waters beneath. Should the *Great Eastern* pick up the cable, splice it, and return to Trinity Bay with the remainder paid out, the company would be in possession of two cables instead of one—there is not the least fear of there being a deficiency of work for both. New York has at least as much to say to London as it has to San Francisco; and between Europe and America the wants of civilization will need a dozen lines of telegraph as soon as the means of gratifying them are developed.

There is another consideration connected with the extension of submarine telegraphs of very great importance. We have seen that cables can be grappled for and caught, and even though it may not be possible to take them up, it is certain they can be destroyed. In event of war, therefore, an enemy's cruiser could not only interrupt communication between the one portion of the belligerent state and the other connected by submarine telegraph, but might cut off the communication between one continent and another, in order to annoy the enemy and interrupt his connection with neutral states. Whatever understanding may be arrived at, no one who has witnessed the operations of the *Great Eastern*, in her recent expedition, can doubt of the very speedy establishment of telegraphic communication between Europe and America across the Atlantic, and of its rapid development by the facilities which the monster ship so singularly possesses for work her designer and builder never intended or contemplated.

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## The Social History of the Navy.

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NOTHING could be more unfair than to charge the British public with anything like a want of appreciation of the British Navy. But owing, we suppose, to the nature of the case, to the fact that naval life is, from its necessary conditions, isolated from that of the rest of the country, very little is known about the history and organization of the Navy; and it is seldom heard of, except when it is engaged in fighting, or on such rare occasions of holiday and display as this autumn has witnessed. Quite recently, for instance, a certain internal change in that service—we mean the abolition of the rank of master—was announced, and passed almost without notice, though there was nothing of importance going on to distract or absorb the country's attention. Yet the change, while by no means insignificant in its bearing on the efficacy of her Majesty's ships, is one emphatically calculated to remind people of the transitions which the Navy has gone through. The title of master is at least seven centuries old, to begin with, and is probably a great deal older. In modern times, that officer, though ranking only with the lieutenants—and with them in such a way that, failing higher officers, the youngest lieutenant would take command of the ship before him,—has been, in some important respects, the captain's *alter ego*. Conjointly with the captain, he has been responsible for the ship's safety, and has had it in his power formally to discharge himself from the responsibility, on his advice being rejected. He has been charged with the task of taking the chief observations by which the vessel's place on the chart is determined. He has kept the ship's log. He has superintended the steering in action, and at all critical times. He has had the rigging and stores under his peculiar direction. All this points to the conclusion that his office must be the relic of a more considerable office; that he must represent the masters of a day when the master sailed the ship, and the captain fought her, and when the master was thus an authority of much more consequence than he has been since we have had officers who were captains and masters in one. Such a fact, we say, as the abolition of this office, the merging of its special duties in those of the lieutenants, and the final disappearance of its very title, seems specially fitted to suggest a brief review of the phases through which the profession has passed. It is curious to consider what a long time the organization of our men-of-war has taken to form itself, and yet how ancient the essential rudiments of that organization are.

One of the first things that strikes an inquirer in this, as in other departments, is the slowness with which our ancestors arrived at the full adoption of the principle of the division of labour. We talk now of civilians, and military men, and naval men; but in the Middle Ages gentlemen abounded who were all three. The chief governors of the

great fleet which Richard I. sent to the Holy Land in 1189 were Gerard, Archbishop of Aix, and Bernard, Bishop of Bayonne, who, together with certain temporal barons, were called "ductores et gubernatores totius navigii regis," "justiciarii navigii regis," and so forth. The functionary who discharged the duties of our Admiralty in John's time was Archdeacon of Taunton; and the French look back with great respect to a certain naval potentate who was Archbishop of Bordeaux. The first sea commanders, in fact, were the feudal aristocracy, lay and clerical, of the kingdom; and the barons passed from life in a castle to life in a ship as a matter of course. Each ship had a master or *rector* who sailed her, just as a yacht is sailed for her owner now; but in her capacity of a king's ship she was commanded in the higher sense, either alone or in company with others, by some of those who did the general governing work of the kingdom. As early as Richard's time, too, sea-laws were reduced to something like regular form; and these governing men saw them carried out afloat as they would have seen a different kind of laws carried out ashore. Richard's "Articles of War," if we may so call them, were of a primitive, not to say barbarous character. When one sailor murdered another, he was fastened to the dead body and thrown with it into the sea. Sailors who gambled were dipped from the mast, according to what seems to have been a custom of the remotest antiquity; for we are told they were to be dipped "after the fashion of mariners,"—*more marinarii*. A thief had his head shaved, and pitch poured over it; he was then feathered and put ashore. The dipping, a severer form of which was "keel-hauling," lasted for many ages; and indeed it is only since the close of the great war that the naval code has ceased to breathe the spirit of a terrible severity. The early naval history of England, however, was not unworthy of her people. Richard's fleet of galleys, with its heavy busses and dromons for carrying horses and provisions, weathered a heavy gale in the Bay of Biscay; and the king himself sank a Saracen vessel off Acre, after a very stiff fight. But the first regular victory at sea, of the long line of victories which ended at Trafalgar, was won in 1217, during the minority of Henry III. Prince Louis of France hoped to seize the English crown after John's death, by the aid of the barons who had sought his father's help against John; but the fleet he employed against us, under Eustace the Monk, was destroyed by a fleet of sixteen ships under Hubert de Burgh, assisted by Sir Philip d'Albini and Sir Henry de Turberville. It is worthy of notice that even at this early period the English manœuvred for the weather-gage, and carried the day by boarding. But we refer to the battle here chiefly to illustrate what we have said of the command of ships in those days. Hubert de Burgh was a statesman and a soldier. D'Albini and De Turberville were among the regular fighting barons of the day, men of the camp and the tournament. Another famous warrior at sea was William Longespee, Earl of Salisbury, one of Henry II.'s natural sons by Fair Rosamond. A baron's banner was one month flying outside a Scotch castle at a siege; next month it floated from the mast of a galley in the breezes of the Channel

off Winchelsea or Rye; and again it was seen in the port of some Greek island, to which it had brought a dying crusader wounded at Antioch or Damietta. The same man was Constable of the Tower to-day, a Justiciary to-morrow, and Admiral of the Fleet soon after. To understand all that such careers implied of energy and daring, we must remember what were the resources of nautical science in the thirteenth century. When the sailor could not see the Polar star, the only help he had to guide him was obtained by "charging a needle with loadstone, and fixing it in a rush, or to a cork which was placed in water."\* To such men the sea was full of a mysterious poetry and a religious terror. During a great storm, in which William Longespee was all but wrecked, he saw a bright light at the head of the mast, and near it the apparition of a beautiful lady, who kept the light alive in spite of the howling wind and the beating rain. Then the earl knew that his ship was safe by the goodness of the Blessed Virgin; for when he was first made a knight he had ordered a wax taper to be kept constantly burning before her altar during mass.

The title of "admiral" was known in England before the end of the thirteenth century. It is supposed to be of Arabic derivation, and had been applied long before in the East to governors not necessarily discharging maritime duties of any kind. From 1300 onwards it bore in England a signification similar to that which it bears now, but its duties and relative rank were not strictly defined. The admiral's pay in 1300 was two shillings a day; the captain's one shilling; that of the master sixpence; while the common men received threepence a day each, and were fed on herrings, bacon, bread, and wine. We hear of "captains and admirals," "captains of the sailors of the Cinque Ports," "masters or *rectors*," and "a chaplain of the fleet." While, however, "admirals" gradually acquired a distinct superiority, and "captains" held a high office from the beginning, it is a most characteristic fact, that a great elasticity always distinguished these arrangements of rank in the Navy from the beginning. We shall find proofs of this very late; and we may safely regard it, and the mixture of men of different social classes which it involved, as one of the most valuable and important features of the service. During the feudal period, for instance, of which we have been speaking, the greatest names of the country are found in the list of admirals. That list comprised during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Sir William Clinton, Sir Geoffrey Saye, Sir John Roos, Sir William Montacute, Sir Walter Manny, Sir Richard Fitzalan, and many others of the same stamp; and such appointments were expressly made on the ground that "no one could chastise or rule" the seamen, "unless he was a great man." The admiral's sway in those ages, too, was not naval only in the strict sense, as now, but comprehended an important jurisdiction over the maritime counties. But, at the same time, there was an opening for seamen of inferior condition and more narrowly nautical experience. They were not only the regular "masters" of ships, but when able and zealous, rose to positions of great importance. Such a man was Crabbe,

\* Sir Harris Nicolas.

a Scotch sailor who abandoned the cause of his countrymen for that of Edward III., and who, having fought with Edward against the French in the great battle of Sluys, was made by him governor of thirty or forty vessels. This tradition of employing seamen of all kinds of sea-training in the Navy, and raising foremost men to the quarterdeck, descended from the feudal times, when the minstrels played on the forecastle, and the shields of the knights hung over the bulwarks, to the Tudors and Stuarts. It was this which Elizabeth availed herself of to secure gallant adventurers bred in the merchant-service, like Drake and Hawkins, for the royal fleet. The two services played into each other's hands. The old kings pressed the merchant vessels when they were wanted for war, and protected them when employed in their own pursuits. For centuries the Navy was half-military, half-marine, and only by slow degrees did the pure naval officer—gentleman and seaman both in one—become developed out of the conflicting elements. A prophecy of Collingwood and Nelson existed in the Elizabethan Lord Howard of Effingham. But long after his time the most picturesque mixture of ranks existed. Gentlemen who had gone to sea as boys held command cheek-by-jowl with honest "tarpaulins,"—as they were called in the seventeenth century—who had once been boatswains, and with pure soldiers, like Blake, who had never trodden a deck till they were forty or fifty. The nomenclature of naval rank as it existed down to our own time, testified to its hybrid origin. "Captain" and "lieutenant" reflect the military part,— "master," "mate," and "midshipman," the nautical part,—of the common pedigree. And as the Navy has become more a special, more a royal, as distinct from a mercantile service, the titles implying military dignity have gained on the other. The "mate," originally "master's mate," has become a "sub-lieutenant;" the "volunteer" has become a "naval cadet;" and the honest old designation of "master," long shorn of great part of its importance, is about to be swept away altogether.

These changes came about very gradually; it is not possible, and it would be tedious if it were possible, to trace them in detail. Naval historians usually give Henry VIII. the credit of setting the Royal Navy on something like its modern basis, of building special war-ships, appointing commissioners, and constituting a Navy-office. Large vessels with port-holes for guns did not exist before his time, and were not numerous till long after it. In Elizabeth's reign, the "Instructions" issued for the regulation of some of the great expeditions, show that the modern system was forming itself, and amuse us by the quaint strictness of their provisions. Prayers were to be read twice a day, a ceremony which has now shrunk into one divine service on Sundays; and it was ordered that "no man, soldier, or other mariner, do dispute of matters of religion, for it is not fit that unlearned men should openly argue of so high and mystical matters."\* "No person," (say the "Instructions,") "shall dare to strike any captain, lieutenant, master, or other officer, upon pain of death." The watch was set every night "by trumpet or drum, and singing the

\* LEDIARD'S *History*.

Lord's prayer." But the directions to ships for keeping their places in the squadron, are not unlike those which might be issued in our own days, and every branch of sea-life made a great advance in that reign. The opening of foreign countries gave an impulse to trade, and the passion for adventure made everything relating to the sea and to the Navy an object of interest to the English. Private noblemen and gentlemen fitted out expeditions at their own risk, or persuaded the chary Queen to lend them two or three vessels, and went roaming, and fighting the Spaniards over the whole world. It was inevitable that, in an age at once warlike and literary, there should a few men come up who handled the philosophy of all this; who in the interval of hard work and hard fighting, and often, no doubt, in the solitude of night watches, meditated on the extension of our commerce, and the improvement of our Navy, and employed their shore leisure in putting their ideas on record. One of these, Admiral Sir William Monson, deserves to be more widely known than he is. Of a knightly family in Lincolnshire, now in the peerage, he passed two years as a youngster at Balliol College, Oxford, but was a boy when he went to sea, and was present in an engagement at the age of sixteen. He was with the roving Earl of Cumberland in some of his voyages. He was in the Cadiz expedition with the Earl of Essex. He was employed as an admiral both by Elizabeth and James. But what distinguished him from the common run of fighting-men, was his turn for philosophizing on the work in which they were engaged. His *Naval Tracts* are highly curious for the insight they give us into the Navy of that day. He was a great advocate for officers who were "seamen bred." Among the causes of the discouragement of seamen, he notices "the preferring of young, needy, and inexperienced gentlemen captains over them in their own ships;" and also the "placing lieutenants above the masters in the king's ships, which has never been used till of late years." We gather from him that at that time each captain appointed his lieutenant, while the masters were selected and recommended to the Admiralty by the Trinity House. The masters had previously served as "masters' mates," and had risen from the ranks. There were, therefore, certain duties for which they were naturally unfit; and Sir William Monson, though protesting against all unwise use of the power of appointing lieutenants, was in favour of the existence of the class for all that. "A lieutenant," says he, "is an employment for a gentleman well-bred, who knows how to entertain ambassadors, gentlemen, and strangers, when they come on board." Already it was found that diplomatic and civil duties might fall upon naval officers, and that mere tars would not do for the king's service. By-and-by it was seen that though tars could seldom be made gentlemen, gentlemen might be made tars; and to their entry in time to undergo the process we owe the Howes, Rodneys, Jervises, and Collingwoods of a subsequent age. In Sir William's time, and for some generations, there were here and there educated officers like himself, who were seamen and gentlemen at one and the same time. More generally, however, the captain was dependent for the nautical management of his ship on the master. Accordingly, we



learn from the *Naval Tracts* that, though the captain could displace any other inferior officer, he could not displace the master. All he could do was to stop his wages till the complaint had been heard by the principal officers who, under the Lord Admiral, or Lord High Admiral, discharged the duties of the Admiralty. The peculiar relation between these two chief officers of a man-of-war must have been quite familiar to the public of the seventeenth century; for a Scotch divine, in a book against Erastianism, speaks of their "co-ordinate jurisdiction," when he wishes to illustrate the relation which ought to prevail between Church and State.\*

Thanks, also, to Sir William Monson, we know how the British sailor was fed on board her Majesty's ships under Queen Elizabeth. There were four "flesh days" in the week, during which he had beef and pork, with pease, alternately. On "fish days" he had salt fish, ling or cod, with seven ounces of butter, and fourteen ounces of cheese. His allowance of beer was handsome, a gallon daily, or a quart at every meal. There was a surgeon on board each ship, who had a mate under him. Sir William contrasts the cleanliness of our vessels with that of the often finer and larger vessels of the Spaniards, which, he says, were "foul and beastly." At the same time there were complaints of the pursers and their abuses—complaints which lasted for generations. Sometimes the beer stank, the butter was rancid, and the cheese populous. These articles vanished from the naval dietary, however, in the course of time; while the purser was succeeded by the genteel "paymaster" of our age, who would as soon think of picking a messmate's pocket as of swindling one of the ship's company, either in the matter of slops or pay. Whatever the harshness, however, with which the seaman of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was treated—and one of his punishments, we may mention, was to have his tongue "gagged or scraped" for blaspheming—he was already observed to be fond of grumbling. Sir William Monson loved him much, had infinite confidence in him, and lost no opportunity of advancing his interests. But he tells him of his faults with fearful plainness of speech, and that in the course of a generally complimentary dedication. "Certain it is," declares the old admiral, "neither birds nor horses can show more extravagant lewdness, more disorder of life, and less fear of God, than your carriage discovers when you come on shore, and cast off the command your superior officers had over you." Jack, it seems, was the true descendant of Chaucer's *Shipman*:—

And certainly he was a good felaw,  
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw  
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapman slepe,  
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.

Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:  
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.

He was also the true ancestor of the man who supplied anecdotes and figured in farces for the amusement of our grandfathers; who threw his hard-earned money overboard when he could not get on shore, and wasted

\* *Aaron's Rod Blossoming*. By GILLESPIE.—MILTON'S *Galusp*.

it even more mischievously when he could; and whom the founders of sailors' homes and savings' banks are now seeking to bring within the pale of a decent and prudent civilization. The men of the Navy have changed less since Sir William Monson's days than the ships. When Queen Elizabeth died, she left forty-two vessels of war in good order. Only two of these were of 1,000 tons, only three of 900, and only three of 800, while considerably more than a half did not attain the 500 tons' standard. It is curious, if we may touch on a much less important matter in passing, to note the change of fashion in the names of men-of-war at different epochs. In the early ages they were very generally called after saints, such as St. Thomas and St. Edward, and once we are startled by reading under the Plantagenets of "the *Holy Ghost* of Sandwich." During Elizabeth's reign we hear of the *Triumph*, the *Garland*, the *Snake*, and many fancy names. It was later that Lords of the Admiralty brought their Eton and Westminster recollections to bear, and gave us the *Bellerophon*, the *Agamemnon*, and the *Orestes*.

The most famous admirals of the seventeenth century were men who entered the service in an irregular manner, and whose history shows us how little its organization was definite. Sir William Penn was the son of a captain in the Navy, and was well educated; but he began life in the merchant-service, and passed to the command of a ship of war at twenty-three. Blake had been a captain of dragoons, and never went to sea till he was fifty. Batten and Lawson were "turpaulins" in the strictest sense. During the Civil War, the Navy adhered to the Parliament without losing its respect for the king; and Blake laid down the celebrated *dictum*, that the Navy's proper business was only "to keep foreigners from fouling us," and not to interfere in the internal disputes of the kingdom. It would be too much to say that there has never been any factiousness in our fleets; on the contrary, occasions could be pointed out where the efficiency of a fleet has been distinctly affected by the commander-in-chief's being a Tory or a Whig. But, as a general rule, Blake's idea has been the naval idea; and a feeling of nationality independent of party politics has been the predominant feeling of officers of our marine. The success of Blake under the Commonwealth was a wonderful piece of fortune for those who held the old *military* doctrine about naval commands; and Monk was sent to sea as "general" against the Dutch after the Restoration. For a time during that period, and partly owing to the service on board of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., it was a fashionable thing among the young men of quality to take a turn of duty on salt water. Lord Dorset's celebrated song—"To all you Ladies now on Land,"—finished the night before the great battle in which Opdam fell,—will long preserve the memory of this phase of the social history of the Navy." An entry in "Pepys" shows us the fortunate set of opinion on this subject among the upper class. "To my Lord Crewe's to dinner," writes Pepys, "and had very good discourse about having young noblemen and gentlemen to think of going to sea, it being as honourable service as the land war." Pepys himself was put down for "midshipman's pay," during his attendance on

Montague on board the fleet ; but, considering that he devoted his life to the Navy, there is rather a marked deficiency of matter relating to its social life in his *Diary*. The "tips" which he records as made to him by officers receiving appointments, show the abuses that prevailed ; we smile when we find him eating "a calf's head carboned," with a purser who doubtless wished to be in his good graces ; or drinking at the "Flask" with captains, and hearing their yarns about the Algiers pirates ; but the spiteful gossip which he puts on record about Admiral Penn is dishonourable to his memory.

The gradations of rank were still unfixed, and continued so into the last century. The famous Benbow, for instance, was appointed to command a ship in 1689, without ever having been in the king's service before ; and after being captain was appointed master of the flag-ship. There are repeated precedents, Charnock tells us, of officers who had been captains going to the flag-ship as masters. A distinguished contemporary of Benbow's—Sancock—rose from being a boatswain, and the famous Sir Cloudesley Shovel began his career as a cabin-boy at nine years of age. But on the other hand, Rooke, and Russell, the Byngs, and others, were men of family ; and as we have said before, it was this variety of condition in naval officers which gave not only strength but picturesqueness to the profession. There was an emulation between the men "who came in at the hawse-holes," and the men "who came in at the cabin windows," which made both classes do their best. Meanwhile, as the service increased in force and importance, it became more than ever a special service to which men required to be peculiarly bred, and thus, by isolating it from the world, preserved in it that singular, original, and humorous character which it bore in the days of Smollett, who went to sea in 1741. There is an anecdote of his contemporary, Admiral Vernon, which quite bears out the sketches in *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*. When Vernon commanded in the West Indies, a Sir William Burnaby, who was fond of fine clothes, went out to the station in charge of a bomb. The moment the admiral saw the splendid appearance of this gentleman, who had come to report himself to him, he ran into an inner room, and came out wearing a grand wig. Sir William having announced that he had the honour to command the bomb so-and-so, the admiral exclaimed—"God so, sir, I took you for a dancing-master !" This was exactly the manner of a great many of what were called "the old school," down even to our own day. Sir Charles Napier was, perhaps, the last of them ; the last of the men who thought a certain boorishness an essential part of the naval character. What they were like in their prime, we may see in Smollett's portrait of Commander Trunnion, who went tacking up a road on horseback, because there was a foul wind ; who interlarded his sentences with "d'ye see's" and stray oaths alternately, and who could not live without a quid in his mouth and a can of flip handy. There are people who think that this was the predominant type of the naval officer during the last century. And a very prominent influential type it certainly was ; a type no doubt comprising many brave and useful seamen. Yet there was

also another class to which the very highest men belonged—a class who were not worse sailors, and yet were much better gentlemen. Just as there were Howards and Monsons in the Navy of Queen Elizabeth, so there were Rodneys and Collingwoods in the Navy of George III. The fact is that in talking of “the old school” we are apt to forget that there was more than one old school. In the days when the present writer was in the Navy, “the old school” *par excellence* comprised all the rough and savage men—those who thought that roughness and savageness were good things in themselves; and that every sort of refinement weakened the essential virtue of the profession. In those days there were still one or two Trafalgar men—though they were very few—in command of ships; and there were officers scattered through the Navy who quite remembered that generation—and what traditions we used to hear! A mate of “the old school,” as it was called, sometimes broke a seaman’s jaw-bone by way of chastisement. When called away from his grog for a moment by any accident, he has been known to spit in it, that nobody might drink it in his absence. The humble crockery of a midshipman’s mess having been broken during action, the captain, on some question of its being replaced, asked who the devil had ever heard of midshipmen having plates? All duty was carried on to a brisk accompaniment of cursing and swearing; and abuse of the ship’s company during work was cultivated by some officers as an art. There were fellows who had, so to speak, graduated in Billingsgate, and whose vituperation excited the envy of mere amateurs. Ignorant, noisy, blasphemous and coarse, these people fancied that they were the true representatives of our naval traditions, and that they deduced their pedigrees through Benbow from the heroes of the old time. But though, when fighting and seamanship were in question, they acquitted themselves well beyond doubt, yet, when higher qualities in addition to them were required, they were at fault. Their vocation was to do the *rough* work under higher men; and it will be found on inquiry that not the “hawse-holers,” but officers of better social stamp, did the *great* work—that for which a governing and organizing talent on a great scale was necessary. Rodney, Howe, Jervis, Nelson and Collingwood were all gentlemen; and most of them were of better attainments and education, as well as of better manners, than the ruck of less-known sea-officers. Rodney was a couple of years at Harrow before entering the Navy, and was not only a high-bred man, but a man of some literary acquirement. As for Collingwood, he wrote better English and knew more history than three-fourths of those who belong to what are called “the learned professions.” He was the very ideal of a modern naval officer, and could do everything from managing a fleet, or negotiating with a foreign sovereign, to splicing a rope; while his letters are as pleasant reading as those of Cowper or Gray.

It is indeed a great pity that Captain Marryatt, who knew the service so well, and lived just in time to paint the portraits of the survivors of Collingwood’s generation, should have devoted most of his labour to what we may call the second-best old school. He was essentially a humourist;

fools and tyrants attracted him by their piquancy as good subjects; and though not altogether neglecting the nobler side of the naval character, he never sufficiently laboured to set it forth. What a portrait, at once with the charm of dignity and of quaint old-fashioned simplicity, might be made, by a competent hand, of Lord Collingwood! Under his graver aspect, we have in him an officer of unwearied diligence in his duty, spending hours of every day over his desk, and hours of every night on deck. Did a vessel get out of her station in the darkest hour of the middle watch, he would signal in the morning for the lieutenant whose watch it had happened in, and, simply telling him that he had been sorry to observe it, sent him away impressed as he would never have been impressed by the objurgation of a ruffian or a bully. For an action, the fine old gentleman dressed himself as he would have done for a ball; and during the hottest part of Trafalgar he was seen munching an apple on the poop, as coolly as if he had been in an orchard. The tenderest of mortals in his domestic relations, he turned round to the admiral at ten o'clock in the morning of the 1st of June, and observed that "about that time their wives were going to church;" just as he had carefully noted that they first sighted the French fleet on "little Sarah's birthday." And along with a certain sensitive pride and old-fashioned courtesy which belonged to him, he combined the homeliest simplicity of life and habits. When he gave a dinner to his captains, be sure that the old Collingwood crest—a stag or colin—was on the silver, and that he would turn round and bow to each guest—"Your health, Sir Chaloner Ogle; your health, Captain——"—with the first glass of wine. But at no such dinner was the simple nautical soup—pea-soup with slices of pork in it—ever wanting; and he thought brown sugar good enough for the best gentleman. There is a story of his winding up his advice to a lieutenant, whom he was detaching on a separate command, by saying—"and take care, sir, to keep your tea and sugar locked up." And we remember hearing from one who had sailed under him, that on fine days he used himself to hang out his best clothes over his cabin port-holes, that they might get a good airing. Such was Nelson's "dear Coll," to whom Nelson wrote:—"God bless you, and send you alongside the *Santissima Trinidad*," in perfect confidence of what the result of such a meeting would be. He was, indeed, of the "old school;" though how different from many who made the same boast; who esteemed a pen contemptible because it was not a marlinspike; who, to avoid dandyism, rushed into dirt; and drank more rum-and-water than they could carry, rather than stoop to the effeminacy of Hermitage or Lafitte. Specimens of this last peculiar breed lasted far into our time, and had the credit of supplying much amusement to younger men; but the decay of their school was marked early in the century, and did not escape the observation of Sir Walter Scott. In his interesting *Memoir of Smollett*, after some remarks on his naval characters, Sir Walter goes on:—"These striking portraits have now the merit which is cherished by antiquaries—they preserve the memory of the school of Benbow and Boscawen, whose manners are now banished from the quarterdeck to

the fore-castle. The naval officers of the present day, the splendour of whose actions has thrown into the shadow the exploits of a thousand years, do not now affect the manners of a foremast-man, and have shown how admirably well their duty can be discharged without any particular affection to tobacco or flip, or the decided preference of a check shirt to a linen one."

Since Scott's time, the change of course has gone steadily on in the same direction, and has produced here and there follies of a new kind, which have kept the different follies of the sham Benbows in countenance. The great characteristic of modern naval life is that it is no longer separated from the life of the rest of the world, as it used to be. An admiral no longer asks for his carriage to be brought round to the door by telling the servant to man the boat. The Navy reads and dances, and has opinions on Colenso and crinoline. We have known a naval instructor who was a better classical scholar than most bishops, and have heard him walk through the text of the *Phædo*, in a cabin on the orlop-deck, in a style that could not have been surpassed by a college tutor. What with steam, and circle-sailing, and improved gunnery, naval officers must be far more carefully educated than they used to be; and while the theory of the age is that everything ought to be open to everybody, the practice, as far as the Navy is concerned, is that nobody need hope to get a son in who cannot prepare him by a careful training.

Such changes of title as that from "mate" to "sub-lieutenant" look insignificant, but they symbolize the great change by which the merely nautical element has been superseded, and a more laborious and scientific kind of education made necessary. We are in a period when courage and brains are as important as they ever were; but also when both must be of less value, relatively, without culture, than they ever were. Hence the pains taken about training-ships and examinations, and the putting of youngsters through ordeals in that way which were quite unknown twenty years back. By abolishing the grade of master, the Admiralty show that they have great confidence in the new generation of lieutenants. For, the speciality of the master—after he had ceased, by the change which made the captains become seamen, to be the most important seaman in the ship,—was to take the chief charge of the navigation, and this is now to be given to lieutenants. There will be navigation-lieutenants, as there are gunnery-lieutenants, which implies a large number of scientifically-trained officers. But just now we are rather concerned with the historical significance of the change, which we have endeavoured to illustrate by this hasty retrospect at a series of transitions very little known.



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